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A CHINESE CHRISTIAN WEDDING.

[*See page* 46.

GLANCES AT CHINA

BY THE

REV. GILBERT REID, M.A.

OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN BOARD

CHI-NAN-FU

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

56 PATERNOSTER ROW, 65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

AND 164 PICCADILLY

ca. 1888

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SHANGHAI.

PEEPS INTO CHINA

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST PEEP AT CHINA.

CHINA'S chief port, the city of Shanghai, consisting of the Chinese city proper, with a population of nearly 400,000, and the English and French 'concessions' with 5000 foreigners and about 500,000 Chinese—Shanghai within the wall and Shanghai without the wall—has various kinds of Christian and missionary work. Different denominations of different countries here vie with each other, in the spirit of union, trying not only to break the rush of heathenism, but the brazen vices of the foreigners, many of whom 'tarry but for a night.' Of all this work, two samples may be given—one, at the time of visiting it, being the

largest Sunday school in China, and the other the largest Mission Press in the world.

Outside the south gate of the native city, in the chapel connected with the American Presbyterian Mission, every Sunday afternoon meets the Sunday school. I enter the room. The music is familiar. The tune I know, though not the words. We can all sing it together, led by the superintendent. And who is the superintendent? Not the missionary, nor an American, but a Chinaman, and a man, furthermore, we believe, who has not yet been admitted to the Church. After singing, the International Lesson is recited; and the method is worthy of adoption at home. Each class is expected to know the lesson. One class is called by the leader, and one verse recited; another class is called, and the next verse recited; and so on through all the lesson. No class knows what its own verse will be till thus suddenly called. Being somewhat surprised at the facility and smoothness, I only need to call to mind that the Chinese have unsurpassed memories, and that many pupils in the Mission schools can recite most of the New Testament. At the close of this part of the exercise 'There is rest for the weary' and 'I am so glad that our Father in heaven' are sung. If it is hard to detect 'time' in the real *Chinese* music, there is no such difficulty here, under long and careful training. The attendance, the Sunday I was present, was 264. On Sundays less stormy, the number will reach as high as 365. One peculiarity of the school is the prize system, which merely means that every scholar in the school present every Sunday in the year gets four shillings, and less amounts for less attendance. The money, however, comes either from the school

CHINESE SCHOOL.

itself or from the native church. As there are more to give than to receive, we suppose it is in accordance with the statement of Scripture, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

The Mission Press is situated in the foreign section, or 'concession.' This also is Presbyterian; but, though such in management, more work is done for other societies than the Presbyterian. In the establishment there are seven hand-presses and two machines. So much type is needed that the Press also has a type foundry. In addition, electrotyping and stereotyping are done. There are types for English, Greek, Corean, Japanese, Mongolian, the literary Chinese, the Mandarin Chinese, and five local dialects. Over 35,000,000 of pages are printed each year, while the Presbyterian Press of Beirut, Syria, prints each year only some 12,000,000 pages. The £13,000 expended on the building and machinery seem little when compared with the good and gain thereby accruing. Even in a money way this work sometimes pays, for in 1880 the net gain was £800. The Presbyterian Church made an investment rather than a gift, unless giving is meant in the words of Solomon, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.'

Leaving Shanghai, I start on my journey of about five hundred miles along the coast to Chefoo, in the north. The steamer, Pautah,[1] is a propeller, Clyde-built, and in the charge of an American, one of the most popular along the coast. It belongs to the Chinese line of steamships, a successful rival of two English lines. As the manager of the Company, Mr. Tong King Sing, was on board, I gained from him some interesting

[1] This steamer was wrecked in the year 1887, off the promontory of Shan-tung.

facts. A few years ago, the most progressive and probably the most influential official in China, H. E.

Believe me,
Yours Very Sincerely
李鴻章

Li Hung Chang, requested a wealthy Chinaman of good business ability to take the management of the

line. The Chinese Government approved of the plan, and lent the Company at the start several hundred thousands of taels. In addition to the thirty vessels on hand, it expects to make many improvements, and to have ready for use in a short time two large vessels from the Clyde of 4000 tons each. 'I think,' the manager said, 'we may run these as a direct line to New York at quicker speed and cheaper rates than is done by other companies; but at first we shall run them to Cuba, to bring home our Chinese, who are not allowed to pass through the United States.'

Besides Mr. Tong King Sing, there were a few other important persons in our little company. One was an English engineer, who had been in more places than his own land—in Germany, Canada, the United States, Peru, Russia, Holland, Australia, New Zealand, and at last was trying a little speculation in China, being very largely employed in opening up some of the mines. The only other foreigner was an American citizen, a negro, who came to China many years ago with the Minister, Hon. Mr. Burlingame, and who ever since has been employed in various adventures of the Chinese Government. Much to my astonishment, I heard this black individual talking beautiful French with a young Chinese, by the name of Mah, who, I soon learned, had been a consul in Japan, and, though a Roman Catholic, is now a rising official in the service of Li Hung Chang. And then, finally, there was an official by the name of Chang, who had just returned from being consul-general in the United States, and could speak a little English. My previous conception of life and people in China was rather modified by all this display of progress, education, and style.

In a conversation with the ex-consul-general, the question of Christianity was broached. In his weak attempt at speaking English he said, 'All religions good. Confucianism good for me; your religion good for you. All men like not the same religion, just as one man like brandy, one man lemonade, and another man tea.' This terse analysis probably illustrates much of the present attitude of the learned Chinese towards Christianity. The next step is to rank Christianity *above* all other religions, difficult though the attempt may now seem to be.

One other peculiarity of this trip was a special missionary rate, and that, too, in a Chinese company. We believe this is due to the fact that the manager was educated at Hong-Kong by a Congregational minister from the United States, the well-known Dr. Brown. Crossing the Pacific, Church of England prayers were read, and the compensation for this was sought in advanced rates for all. Reaching China, the first to give a noticeable favour are the Chinese themselves.

A WALLED CHINESE VILLAGE.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN A CHINESE TREATY-PORT.

THE city of Chefoo, the author's first home in China, is beautifully situated on the coast, and is full of bustle and progress. It is not termed a 'city' by the Chinese, and in this consists its first peculiarity. Some thirty years ago, along this same sea-shore where now rise native shops, foreign homes, and business establishments, there might have been seen only a few small mud huts or mud sheds of some poor fishermen. Across the plain that stretches down to the shore appeared here and there, nestled among the hills, a little native village, with perhaps the semblance of a mud wall around it. But foreign merchants and foreign missionaries and foreign consuls began to come, making this quiet, healthy spot a fitting port for many a mile of coast-traffic. And so, while Têng-Chow, a city fifty miles distant, was really chosen by treaty convention as one of the 'open ports for trade,' the blessing, or bane, has really fallen to this place of some thirty or forty thousand Chinese, and which is rapidly increasing from year to year.

Though lacking some of the rush and the smells,

and the crowds and the quarrels, and the shouts and the dirt of many Chinese cities with their million population, it yet is known far and wide, in the interior and among the foreign population of the East. The simple record of the Chefoo Convention, whereby China put herself in a more friendly relation with other nations, proves that it has borne some of the political status of the empire.

Chefoo is most noted as a health resort, and it is rightly called the sanatorium of China. Such praise seems rather extravagant to one looking forth on the barren hills and the deserted sands in the dull days of winter; but when the sultry summer is nigh, and visitors come rushing in to fill the two or three hotels as well as the private residences, then individual credulity yields to the popular sentiment.

At present, view with me from the front piazza of the house of Dr. John L. Nevius, on a cheery sunny day, the city stripped of its holiday attire. Imagine, if you please, a Sunday. Before us lies the city in the plain below, while off to the right rises a little range of barren hills, at the foot of which are a few hamlets surrounded by their small gardens. Still farther beyond is the harbour, where ships and junks lie anchored; and still farther, across the bay, hid beneath the shade of the rising hills, is a little village, seeming to look with suspicious jealousy at the foreign rival on the opposite side. Tracing the bay around to my left, there appears in another village, only a mile away, a plain church-building, surrounded by a few foreign-built houses—the Mission of the Scotch U.P. Church,[1] and long the home of Dr. Alexander

[1] This Mission has since been given up, while the premises have been sold to the China Inland Mission.

Williamson and his different colleagues. Coming nearer, and still on my left, situated on the hillside of the so-called Temple Hill, are the premises of the American Presbyterian Mission—the houses of Drs. Nevius and Corbett, with another Sunday chapel, being a prominent sight to the incoming steamers. Behind these buildings, farther up the hill, on its conspicuous summit, is the Taoist temple. A little below the temple, and near the Mission premises, lies the foreign cemetery; and many pathetic stories might be told of those who have there been laid to rest, having come from England and America, Scotland and Germany, and other lands far away. To our right, between the hills and the city, along the sandy beach, there appear the Mission buildings of the Church of England; and then the hospital and homes and schools of the China Inland Mission, where chief attention is given to an English school for foreign children, and where likewise, as a celebrated sanatorium, they who have laboured hard in the inland provinces may come to rest and recruit. Near by is a large hotel for summer visitors, and the summer cottage of the American Episcopal Mission. In the most commanding part of the city, on an elevation whose base juts out into the bay, is the foreign settlement, where merchants and consuls have built fine residences, and paved smooth streets, and planted their gardens of flowers. From this little community, on a Sunday morning, sounds forth a chapel bell, calling the people to Christian worship in true English fashion, all denominations taking part, in the spirit of union, in the Union Chapel.

Thus we have 'gone the rounds' on a Sabbath day —by merely gazing from a house on the hillside. With much reason, surely, have missionaries decided

to make such a place one of their headquarters. They may have lonely hours, in the midst of a cold, sad heathendom, far from the coast and foreigners; they may weaken or sicken, while longing for care and rest; they may tire from their tours of hundreds of miles by land or water, in cold or in dust; but here they can meet friends, and, by renewing their health, comfort, and happiness, be ready once more for hard work and sore trials, for teaching the people and blessing the nation. Several missionary ladies, who would have died if they had remained where first appointed, have here been able to do good work, and do it gladly. The climate is scarcely different from that of New York, Boston, or Edinburgh; and whoever can live in these cities ought to manage to survive in Chefoo. The houses that are built by the missionaries are built wisely—with comfort and durability. Several of them have built houses with their own money, and some expect to pass here their last days, and then be laid to rest in the quiet hillside graveyard.

If the missionary is to be more respected because he shortens his life needlessly, and rears a mud hovel, and sleeps over a swamp; if tourists of critical but self-complacent habits seeing these homes of the missionaries, and partaking perhaps of a substantial meal, refuse ever after to support the missionary cause; if self-sacrifice means self-destruction; and if the missionary, when using his own money wisely, to say nothing of the money of his Society, shall thereby cool the benevolent ardour of the Christian Church—then, perhaps, it were better for me not to speak the truth in sounding the praises of life in Chefoo.

CHAPTER III.

THE FOOD EATEN IN CATHAY.

WRITING during one of the heaviest snow-storms that China has had for many a year, with the wind moaning and our fires blazing, I can gladly take up the question, 'What do you eat in China?' Perhaps you are not at all partial. Hoping this to be the case, just read over our bill of fare, prepared for your benefit alone.

Fish of all sizes, from the shrimps up; oysters, crabs, and even frogs' legs (if you so desire), are in the market. Turkey is too rare and too expensive, this being an article of foreign trade; but we can get for you chickens at sixpence apiece, or a good goose for half-a-crown. Perhaps, however, you will take duck or pigeon, or a strong pheasant. If not, just content yourself with mutton at sixpence a pound, or the very best beef-steak at only threepence a pound; and wait for a better market, if you desire only veal and lamb. Bacon and ham you had better buy from the foreign market at Shanghai, or have them ordered from Foochow, unless you can take the time to salt and smoke your own.

But we must also have some vegetables. The Chinese can seldom afford meat; so, like them, let us seek for plainer food. If you like cereals, you can have millet one morning, which is cheap as well as nutritious; cracked wheat the next morning; and on the third you can satisfy your foreign taste by oat-

CHINESE OPEN-AIR COOKSHOP.

meal from England or America, or perhaps we should say Scotland or Canada. Rice you can have at all hours, but the best rice must be ordered from Central China. Wheat, having once become flour, is not altogether to taste; and yet the man of exercise can find but little to blame. If there is any drawback,

we will make it up by setting before you cabbage, spinach, sweet potatoes, and, strange as the union has proved in San Francisco, a fair Irish potato under economical Chinese training. You can also have carrots, beets, and parsnips; turnips, pumpkins, and tomatoes; vegetable marrow, plenty of peas and beans, and, to keep up the style, all you want of cauliflower. And we are not through yet. Take some onions and garlic and leeks—so *dear* to the Chinese, and yet so *cheap*. If you come the right time in the year, we will give you some very good cucumbers, musk-melons, and water-melons, to make up for any poor water you may wish to drink, but dare not. Brandy and wines, therefore, you may prohibit from your table, unless, like the majority of foreign merchants and diplomats in China, you are troubled with Timothy's weak stomach.

Do you want some fruit for dessert? Our supply is large. Walnuts, peanuts, and chestnuts; an extra assortment of grapes, a poor kind of cherries; apples, peaches, and apricots; plums, pears, quinces, citrons, and pomegranates; haws, nectarines, and dates; that delicious fruit of Japan and Southern China, the persimmon; and likewise, from the South, oranges, bananas, mango, guava, ginger, shaddocks, the cocoanut; and finally, that large fruit, undefined in the dictionary, an extravagant kind of an orange, called the pummelo.

'But have you nothing more? Where are your eggs?' Ah yes, fourpence a dozen; and so, in making your cake, seek for the recipe that requires a good many eggs and but little butter and sugar. Do not imagine, however, that butter and sugar are not in the market, only they come from abroad, and are high in

price. Even in the interior sugar may be purchased at native shops; and as to butter, this, with milk and cheese, may be had if you keep your own cows. Your tea, of course, is Chinese, although some English people insist on speaking of English tea, merely because it has passed through the English market, and so raised the price. Chocolate and coffee must come from elsewhere, as also tapioca, spices, canned fruits, and meats.

This ends the *table-d'hôte*, unless you are tempted to try some donkey and dog meat, which, I assure you, is sometimes played off on the innocent foreigner as first-class roasted beef.

The food in China is sufficient; but there is a difference between the Chinese and foreign mode of cooking, and in testing this you would suppose there was also a difference in the food.

PREPARING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

IT is the privilege, or bane, of the missionary in China to have the holiday season twiee. He may, if he will, take notiee of his own holidays; he *must* notiee the Chinese. The holiday season in Christian lands eentres around Christmas and New Year. The holiday season among the Chinese eentres around the New Year. As the year with the Chinese is differently reekoned from other eountries, so the time of New Year is different, and this, too, varies from year to year, generally oeeurring, however, in our month of February. For weeks before the time the Chinese begin to make great preparations. The shops are more fully supplied, and business has more aetivity. Purehases are made either for presents, or to keep a full supply of the neeessaries during the days when all shops are elosed.

This festival, whieh not only extends through New Year's Day but through a week or two following, is a kind of *Sabbath*. It is a time of rest. There is a ehange of work, thought, and spirit. The multitude that has been steadily plodding along month after month, with no diversity or relaxation, at last pauses, gives

up its usual style of life, and seeks, like a few modern philosophers, for happiness. Only the poorest are at work. The richer the man, the longer he is freed from his customary employment. To break this usage is to be careless of respectability.

Again, it is the *Fourth of July* of China—to use a familiar American phrase of significant patriotism. Fire-crackers are fired by night because it is dark, and fired by day because it is light. An old man will be seen coming out of his house, will light in front of his door a long string of these fire-crackers, thereby hoping that evil spirits are to be kept away. The priest comes forth from his gods and altar, and there under the open sky sends up loud and brilliant fireworks, it being hard to tell whether his pleasure is greater as a priest or as a man. Whatever the original superstition, this is at present most plainly and *loudly* a custom.

This festival may also be called the *Sunday* of China. The Chinaman now not only rests, but he worships; and this time the worship at the temples is rendered by men. The worship, however, begins at the home, when the whole family is present. They all gather together in the open court, where worship is performed to heaven and earth; then they enter the house, and worship the family gods and their deceased ancestors, after which the younger members make their prostrations to the older members. After this family worship, with proper presentation of gifts, the men may be seen going into the temple to burn incense, and, amid the sound of the drum, gong, and bell, and the song of the priest, bow with head to the ground before their favourite idols. Thus the heathen Chinaman begins his New Year with thanksgiving and petition.

This festival is, furthermore, the *pay-day* of the Chinese. At least all debts must be settled satisfactorily before the old year has gone. If perchance any have failed to settle up their accounts with their creditors, they will be found hastening around next morning with lighted lanterns, to show that the work of the past day has not been finished. If the debtor has nothing wherewith to pay, the creditor may enter his house, and take or destroy to his heart's content. While many are never out of debt, there are but few who have not made a satisfactory settlement. And amid all the debts, the more devout Chinese do not fail to recall their debts to the gods, and by gifts and prayers these debts are also settled.

This New Year's Day is also the *birthday* anniversary of all the Chinese. If a child is born only a few days before the close of the one year, at the beginning of the next he is reckoned as two years old, the reason being that he has *seen* two years. Every person is therefore one year older when the New Year begins. In growing older, the Chinese always seem to rejoice.

This season is also a *memorial* season. If any home during the past year has been visited by death, the remaining members of the household recall the sad day, and in meditation quietly remain at home. While homes and shops and official residences are at this time decked with new paper signs and mottoes of red, thus symbolising a new year as yet unstained, the houses of mourning paste up against the doorway some motto written on paper that is blue or white, either being a sign of mourning, instead of black.

This period is introduced by a general *wash-day*.

Every person now takes a bath. This is all the more an important event in the lives of a few, from its occurrence only once a year. Having thus been made clean himself, the Chinaman now puts on his best

CHINESE THEATRICALS.

clothes. If he has none good of his own, he hires or borrows a dress. Every one, well dressed in silks, satins, and furs, marches forth to make calls, to bow or be bowed to, and, more than all, to impress self

and others with the fact of elegance. About the third day the women begin to exchange calls, likewise showing a desire for fine dress, good looks, and flattery.

This season, last of all, is one of *amusement*. Rich men hire actors, build a stage in the open air, and amuse the masses. Pious people, with worldly proclivities, can find at the temple a theatre. High officials, who close their offices for thirty days, give to the poor, listen to the music of some strolling band, laugh at the jugglers, hire a theatre, or receive guests to well-prepared feasts. A large portion of the people gamble, drink, or smoke, and so frequently quarrel.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

STANDING on a hillside overlooking the town of Chefoo with the surrounding villages, just as the dusk of evening comes on and the full moon shines forth calmly from the clear sky, there begin to appear here and there over the broad view, almost spontaneously, many bright lights, making us forget the really greater light above. Forth from many homes the lanterns are brought; and, as we look, they move across the fields, and then rest beside the graves that have been scattered everywhere through all these years. By the side of these lanterns other lights appear, whether of fireworks that please the children and satisfy an inherent superstition, or of incense paper that does honour to the dead and propitiates the gods. The fields and the sky together flash and glitter; and the sounds that are heard on every side denote a wonderful universal activity. The old and the young, male and female, alike enjoy the religious merriment which seems, like the lights, to flash out and then of a sudden cease.

The second view is that which was seen in the

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

capital of the province—the city of Chi-nan-fu.[1] As the fifteenth in the year of which I write came on Sunday, I abstained from witnessing the sight till the following evening, when the beauty was but little lessened. About seven o'clock in the evening I went forth on the main street of the city, and lo, behind and before me, some three miles in length, was one brilliant avenue of lights, vanishing at each end into an orb of even greater glory. Some twenty feet apart, large square lanterns hung over the street some twelve feet high, and oblong lanterns hung below on either side. These lanterns were made of white paper or thin white silk, and were painted with historical or imaginary scenes—patriotic, serious, or comic; now representing a Chinese victory over timid French soldiers, and then representing a long-haired foreigner, in tight-fitting pantaloons and short jacket, selling books. On either side of the street the shops were adorned with even more beautiful lanterns, made into different shapes and sizes; and here and there might be found a foreign chandelier, sparkling in the midst of light and colour like gems in a crown, or like waves in the sunlight; and again some large reflector would shine forth, colour after colour mingling beautifully with the brightness around, and heightening the holiday enthusiasm of the moving crowd. The greater the light, the more important the shop, and the richer the owner.

Late on in the night the cheerfulness rose into wild hilarity in many a house, the excitement of gambling and the stimulus of drink throwing off restraint, ignoring dignity, and forgetting toil, sorrow, or duty.

By far the most charming and noteworthy feature

[1] On most maps the name is spelled Tsi-nan. The 'i' has the sound of long 'e,' this being the rule in the pronunciation of Chinese words.

of the occasion was the unusual freedom allowed the women. For once they might come forth from their monotonous seclusion, move along the crowded streets, or gaze at the sights from the midst of the brilliancy of the opened shops. Here for once a little publicity meant no reproach or immodesty. Dressed in silks, faces all painted, hair all decked, laughing and chatting, —these were the most happy of all that night. Women in China, as elsewhere, like a chance to show forth their beauty, even though the beauty be artificial and transitory.

Here, then, is a festival, joined in by three hundred millions of people, one of the most charming and pleasing that any nation, ancient or modern, has ever established or enjoyed. Owing to the fact that the pleasure and the custom are more prominent than any superstition possibly connected therewith, it seems entirely unobjectionable for Christians to participate in, there being needed only a few slight modifications. It is even a festival that Western nations need never be ashamed to adopt,—the light and the glory, the merriment and the restfulness, unconsciously and salutarily affecting even the mind.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF A CHINESE TEACHER.

MY teacher's name was Sen, and when I first knew him he was twenty-seven years old, had been married five years, and had two children. He belonged to a rich, influential family in the interior of the province, and was well educated, according to Chinese standards. If he had continued his pursuit of literary degrees, no doubt by this time he would have been classed among the *literati* of the land; but a foreign power—a power not of himself, and more than English or American, a Power from above—has given him a new purpose, and changed his course of life. For this change he deserves respect and sympathy; derision, however, has been his lot. In his new purpose friends should aid him and parents cheer him, but persecution and the humiliating feelings of an outcast have been his experience. Primitive Christianity in China has thus shown some of the aspects of the primitive Christianity of the Roman Empire.

Four years ago, having gained some indefinite information of a religion believed in by the foreigner, he left his home, and came to our Mission station at Chefoo.

In the absence of Dr. Nevius, Mrs. Nevius took direction of his training, requiring him to learn a chapter of the New Testament each day. Soon the thoughts of Holy Writ began to impress him. One day, feeling his duty, but troubled with fears, he said, 'This doctrine, I think, is true; but I'm not ready to be baptized. If I were baptized, my family would turn me off, and I have no way of supporting myself; but shall I be lost if I am not baptized?' Mrs. Nevius, being anxious to avoid any theological discussion, and seeing the need of enforcing the principle of duty, replied that he was not yet ready to be baptized, even if he wanted to be, and that he had better continue to study the Bible, and follow out its commands.

The second month of study was passed with Dr. Nevius, he having by this time returned from a tour among the native Christians. Before the month was over, the young inquirer's duty was made plainer, and of his own accord he now asked for baptism. He was advised, however, to wait and see if he could endure the opposition at home, and would still desire to be baptized.

The young man went to his home, and soon after Dr. Nevius visited the village. Mr. Sen went to the inn where Dr. Nevius was stopping, and again asked to be baptized. As his confession and wish now seemed real, he was asked whether the rite should be performed at the inn or his own home. 'At my own home,' he replied. So the two went to the home, and there, in the presence of the whole family of three generations and of different branches, all living, according to Chinese custom, in the same house, with the oldest as the patriarchal head—in the presence of those who served other gods, and had bowed down

before their ancestral tablets, this Christian teacher and Christian convert alike witnessed for the cause of their common Lord—the one kneeling on the floor in prayer, and the other sprinkled with the water of baptism.

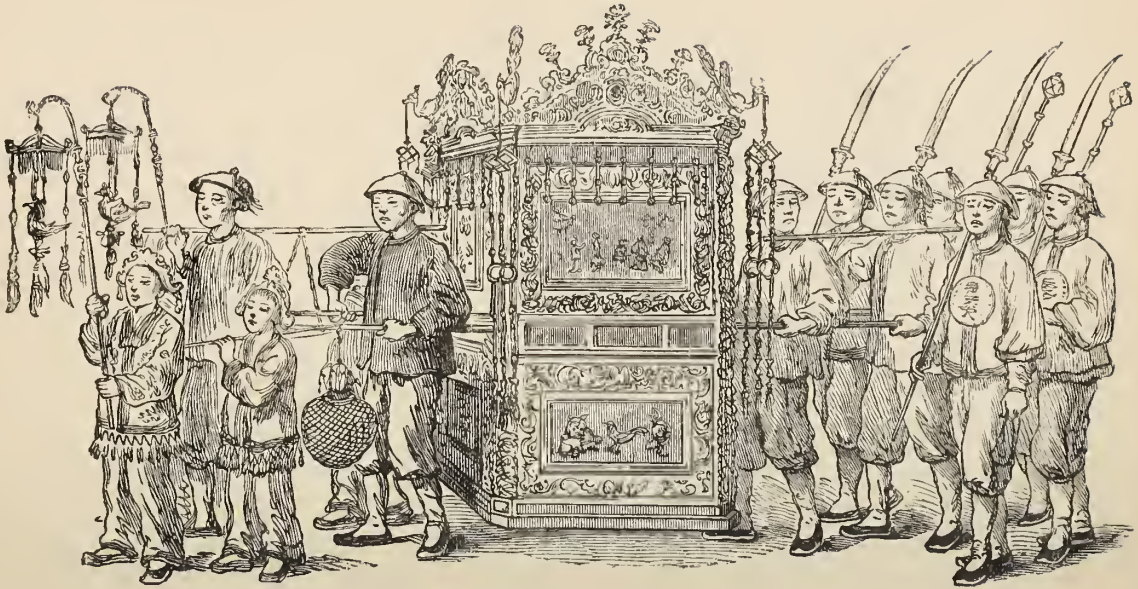
Hardly had the solemn and to the family surprising service been performed, when the old natural prejudices of a heathen religion and of national custom arose, in all their intensity and bitterness. The young man had motioned to his Christian teacher to leave, and now he was left alone, a deserter of the religion of his home, a devotee of a despised innovation. The grandfather, whose word was authority in the household, filled with disgust and hatred, rushed upon his grandson, and, with hot words rushing forth from foaming lips, seized him by the queue, bound his hands behind him, slapped him in the face, and fastened him to a beam. 'Unworthy son of a great family! The first blot of shame on an honoured history! A self-conceited, proud apostate!'

For about eight hours this young man was bound, until another older member of the family came to him, and, though reproaching him, unloosed him. He ran to Dr. Nevius, as to his only friend, told him of his ill treatment, and also how his grandfather had his father by the throat for having such a miserable son. They two, being much perplexed, knelt in prayer, asking for guidance from above. Soon the young man's father arrived, and conferred as to the best plan to be adopted. It was agreed that the young man should leave his own home, and care for himself. Shortly after, however, he was admitted into the home of his wife's family, where he found more tolerance for his conduct and more willingness to study the new doctrine.

Since then his wife has also become a Christian, but the home of his parents and grandparents still remains closed to his entrance, while in the ancestral hall his name is struck off from the family list. Property of some 150 English acres, that rightfully belongs to him in the ultimate distribution, has been combined with the property of the others, and all means of a livelihood at home is thus taken away.[1]

Amid all his troubles he has retained his faith in the truth and his love for his kindred. A man of great earnestness, emotion, and quickness of thought, he is a striking contrast to the sedate, slow, and dignified character of the routine Chinese; and from this feature, as well as from his adoption of Christianity, he has been regarded by his former comrades as a madman. He has given up a comfortable home, has suffered persecution, and has been forsaken of friends; but to many a person has the story of his life testified to the actuality and durability of the Chinaman's faith in Christian truth.

[1] Since then he has been received at home on short visits, though still regarded with disfavour. For several years he has been studying foreign medicine, and is, according to the last reports, an apt student.



BRIDAL PROCESSION.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHRISTIAN WEDDING WITH CHINESE APPENDAGES.

WHENEVER missionaries in China have girls under their charge at school, it is their duty to provide for the girls, on reaching a proper age, suitable husbands. In the girls' school of our Mission, one of the older girls—sweet sixteen plus—was regarded as eligible for the married state. Long before I had ever thought of mission-work, search had been made for a husband suited to this young girl, and on my arrival a man had already been chosen. As the parties concerned are not supposed to decide in such matters, the choice, according to custom, seemed quite fitting. A plain son of a simple-minded country farmer to be married to a girl he had never seen—this was the Chinese custom. The Christian feature was that they were both Christians.

The wedding-day has arrived. The bride, who had not yet spoken to her intended, shed in the morning a few tears, looked miserable, and feigned meekness. This also was a Chinese custom, and, under the circumstances, was also quite Christian.

At last the hour has come. The guests, Chinese

and foreign, are gathered together in a foreign house, silent as before a funeral. The bridegroom is led in by one door, and the bride by another. He is arrayed in silks and satins, hired for the occasion; and she, her face hid by a veil, is dressed in red raiment, not hired, but partly borrowed, with here and there a garment given by wealthy missionaries, myself attempting to be of that number.

Now comes the real Christian part. The minister reads the service. The questions are put. The man promises to take this woman,—whom he does *not* hold by the hand,—and this, too, whether she is 'ugly or beautiful,' the last being a Chinese modification of the service. The woman promises to take this man, —whom she does *not* hold by the hand,—and this whether he is 'rich or poor.' Then, instead of looking at each other square in the face, and kissing each other just as squarely, they kneel on the floor and knock their heads, first to the officiating clergyman, and then before a few of the better guests.

After this religious ceremony the married couple take their seats in two finely-covered sedan-chairs, and start for a Chinese house, where they are to remain for a few days, trying to make each other's acquaintance. We all accompanied the procession. The woman, still veiled, is led into an interior room, specially prepared as the bridal chamber, and there takes her seat on the Chinese *kong*, or brick-made bed. The husband enters, and takes his seat by her side. The veil is removed from the damsel's face, but no word is spoken. 'Silence along the long!' A dish of food is brought in. He takes one mouthful, and she tries to take as much, though she neither asked nor saw how much his mouth contained. I

start forward to see the show, but am requested to leave, as none but women are allowed to be present. In humiliation I leave the room, and house too, shaking off the dust from my feet, and also from my clothes.

Rumour says that after every one had left the married folks spoke to each other—for the first time.

A day later occurs the marriage-feast. In a low-storey house we sat down, the women in one room

BOWL AND CHOPSTICKS.

and the men in another. If the Chinese custom had been adhered to, the women would have had only the leavings of the men; but here foreign innovation ruled the ancient conservatism. About the feast there was nothing particularly Christian as distinct from Chinese except my presence, and even this was of a doubtful quality. After a great amount of polite bowing and display of humility, especially on the part of the Chinese guests, I took the head of the table—by request. Not being versed in a sufficient religious

vocabulary in Chinese, I did not press the matter of returning thanks, thus throwing discredit on my calling as a missionary and on my ability as a linguist.

We had twelve courses, with smoking between lessons, *i.e.* my lessons. Not being skilled in the use of chopsticks, I did not eat as much as the rest—a very desirable point at a Chinese feast in the case of a dyspeptic. In the midst of the feasting, the conversation was not allowed to lag. Here and there, to give spice to the feast, I tried to utter a few grand ideas in the purest of Chinese, which immediately brought down the applause of the house. Whenever my cup was to be filled by one of the guests, he arose, and I arose too, thus learning the first lesson in Chinese politeness, viz. imitation of others. All this happy time, in another room, still sitting on the old brick bed, was the bride, quiet, smiling, self-conscious, and no doubt more hopeful than most of us would be in the same circumstances.

The feast is over. A few calls are made, and the young husband puts his bride on a donkey; and they, with their few nice presents, and she with her red under-dress, start for his home, some two hundred miles away, in an old dull town.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO THE CITY OF NINGPO.

EVERY day except Sunday a steamer leaves Shanghai for Ningpo, and Ningpo for Shanghai, crossing the China Sea, and sailing along the Ningpo River, the time required for the trip being generally from four o'clock of an afternoon to early the next morning. Two rival companies are employed, one English and one Chinese, the chief support of both being from the Chinese passengers with their freight. On the largest of the steamers sometimes as many as twelve hundred of them will find accommodation, thus indicating the amount of trade and travel that pass between these vast two ports.

Ningpo and Shanghai were two of the five ports opened to foreign commerce and residence in the year 1842. The former is noted for its native activity, the latter for its foreign. The latter would lose much if its contact with the outside world were destroyed; while the former was a thriving, populous, and popular city long before French priest or English merchant or American missionary planned or desired to land on these shores or traverse this empire.

Ningpo is a city of some 300,000, with a wall around it some twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet broad at the top, making a fine circuit for walking of some six English miles. It is one of the busiest cities of a land of large cities, and it is also one of the cleanest in a land of filthy cities. On a rainy day I passed through some of the main streets, finding the pavements comparatively free from mud, while the fast-flowing water disappeared below, to enter well-made drains, and so to pass to the canals which led to the river and thence to the sea. Here and there I noticed large stone tanks filled with water, and learned that these had been prepared for cases of fire. I also observed that the city was divided by thick stone walls into sections, and I learned that these walls, which rise higher than the adjoining buildings, are also used as a preventive for the spread of fire. Besides these means, a hook and ladder company has been formed, which, when fire is raging or property threatened, will quickly press to the front to the midst of the danger.

Having understood that the temples in the southern and central parts of China are more beautiful than those in the north, as well as more numerous, I visited two of them. The one was a Buddhist temple, and the other a Confucian. At the entrance of the Buddhist temple, under the porch, were ten stone pillars some fifteen feet high, each one a separate block of stone, all covered with images or dragons or the foliage of trees, cut out of the solid stone, and representing the highest art in the resemblance to Nature. Here they have stood for many a year, more attractive than the hundreds of lanterns that hang from the ceiling, or the hideous idols and the incense-altars that manage some-

how or other to awaken in the Chinese a sentiment of worship. Day after day the worshippers enter this renowned temple; and here, by the dim light of the burning incense, or by the light of day that struggles down through the small windows up by the roof, or that comes through the open doorway, they knock their heads to the ground in superstitious veneration, hoping, even as we hope when praying before our God, to avoid misery and gain happiness with the forgiveness of sins.

The Confucian temple, made up of various buildings, covered several acres, and was surrounded by a high stone wall; but one building especially may be regarded as the temple proper, being a real picture of neatness and beauty. Large wooden pillars supported the roof; and the wood, of the best Oregon pine, was frescoed, like the ceiling and walls, with colours the purest, the most bright and refined. The Chinese architecture may be noted for the element of massiveness, but here was delicacy and softness. Well fitted indeed did it seem for the literary and official classes, who are the only ones to worship in such a temple. Few of the Confucian temples erected in China can compare with this one in elements of beauty, though an exception would need to be made of the one erected at the birth-place of Confucius in the province of Shan-tung. In such a temple the worship that is rendered is to the sage of all sages in China—to Confucius. While some of the Confucian temples in the north have images of the sage and his disciples, this one at Ningpo had tablets only, the leading one being that of Confucius, and then next in order four of his disciples, and in adjoining halls tablets of several more of the great teachers. Over the main shrine was printed in

golden letters a motto, celebrating the excellence of Confucius, and which may be translated, 'His virtue harmonises heaven and earth.' In different parts of this same hall were four characters, standing for faith, fidelity, filial piety, and friendship—truly splendid virtues, but telling of no God and no immortality, but leaving the life beyond the grave an unknown blank.

Opposite the city, and across one of the branches of the river, are the buildings of the American Presbyterian Mission. In this Mission are several schools, a dispensary, and one of the largest and finest church-buildings in China, being in the charge of a native pastor. Many of these native pastors are as well trained and devoted as the majority of pastors in Christian countries. In the Mission of the Church of England there is a growing college, with theological department, having some forty students—an institution whose endowment has been especially due to the Principal, Rev. J. C. Hoare, one man in England having given £5000. The other two Missions, the English United Methodist Free Church and the American Baptist, have the same activity in work, and much of the same success.

In all these Missions, but especially in the American Presbyterian, one is impressed with the large number of missionaries who have laboured in the past, but who are seen here no more. Some have gone to other fields of labour, and some have entered the joys above. The same work goes on, new faces appear, trials are endured, perplexities arise that must be solved, evils spring forth that must be removed, fears are felt, and the contest with heathenism seems as mighty as ever. More and more is the Church in China

becoming a native Church; but it will be many a year before the foreign missionary can say, 'Now I am needed no more; I can return to my native land, while my converts here can carry on the work that I have begun.'

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

STARTING forth from the port of Chefoo on a tour across the province, defective in knowledge of the language almost to the point of self-humiliation, and understanding only with the imagination the various features of travelling in China, I desired a faithful attendant to do most of the talking, to settle all wranglings, and to take charge of all money matters. An older missionary, pitying my condition, offered me the services of a man nearly my own age, a supposed Christian, a considerable tourist for a Chinaman, a clear and ready talker, strong in body, and whose home was in the very city which I was wishing to visit. Accepting the offer and the man, I accepted the situation.

While rejoicing in the willingness of my attendant, I felt a little conscience-stricken in compelling him, according to my plan, to walk the whole distance of three hundred and fifty miles. My conscience, however, soon 'faced around' when I saw two strong mules hired for the first two days' trip, and the baggage so arranged that he could ride one while I rode the other. I felt, moreover, like congratulating him, knowing that so soon his ease would end.

In giving directions for further conveyance in my second stage, I planned for one mule and one donkey. Soon I was informed that the best plan, and in fact the only practicable plan, was to hire a cart drawn by three animals. My frugality retired, and lo, I not only rode, but the attendant rode too. If my conscience troubled me this time, it was not in the way it did before. If any one was extremely happy, the attendant was the one, and for a while the only one.

Calm again came when I thought of being totally relieved in settling the accounts at the various inns. What could a young novice from America know about proper prices in China? My ignorance must be confessed, and my ever-considerate attendant must advance. Yes, and he *did* advance, rather to my loss. At first he paid the small amount of some fifteen cents for room, food, and hot water; but it was not long before I learned that thirty cents was the commendable price for a room only—for sleeping in a place so elegant and cleanly that, in comparison with a hay-loft in an old-fashioned New England barn, I would unhesitatingly choose the hay-loft. I uttered a few epigrammatic expressions in Chinese, and felt a great many more in English. I threatened the innkeeper; I asked his name and the name of his village; I spoke feelingly to my wise assistant with what might be called a 'righteous indignation'; and the affair ended by my paying only—thirty cents, or three hundred large cash, and no more. Verily a wonderful proof of my powers of persuasion! My courage was so unprecedented that I spoke also to the carter in the presence of my cool attendant, presenting the following lamentation: 'I paid at first ten cents for room, and

now thirty.' But he merely replied that farther on it would be sixty cents, and then added that by going still farther into the interior, right to the capital of the province, it would be as much as one dollar.

But why complain? As I paid the one bill I learned the news that, in crossing the river that flowed near by far more placidly than were my feelings, I must pay one thousand cash, or about one dollar. I now by past training had learned the art of submission, and so I submitted to my solicitous attendant the requisite amount. I began to mourn not only over the diminishing amount of my silver, but also over the diminishing amount of my personal piety. But the personal religion of my upright attendant seemed secure, when in the hurry of what some called a meal I forgot to say grace, and saw instead my admonisher across the table bow his head, close his eyes, and silently return thanks. No doubt he had more to be thankful for than I, and so the comparison was a natural one. At evening he asked me if I would pray. I reminded him that my Chinese vocabulary was insufficient for such work, though I inwardly called to mind that perhaps it would be sufficient for other uses.

In one city a crowd gathered around to see the 'menagerie' and scan 'the foreign devil.' As I had been informed by the older missionary that my attendant could also act as temporary evangelist, I motioned him to the New Testament, and requested him to talk to the people. He did this just as easily as he could pay all the bills. Still, in this case, there was not so much interest manifested on the part of others; and in a most aggravating way they ceased to listen to the preaching, and once more examined the foreign specimen.

In another place I thought I had better use my own gifts. I took out the Bible from my baggage, and began to read a chapter I had previously studied. I also endeavoured to make some explanations, and in my enthusiasm was so highly elated that I hoped one man who was specially attentive might be profited. As I closed the book and paused, the attentive listener eagerly looked into my beaming countenance, and asked, 'In the foreign country do you have tobacco?'

Thus we journeyed on during the first week, till the home of a fellow-missionary was reached, where the rest and worship of Sunday were enjoyed. Soon another missionary followed me in the same route, and this, too, a single lady. From her I learned of the trouble that would be given to all missionaries henceforth by the high amounts paid by my attendant. I then learned the proper prices; secured such conveyance that for the rest of the journey only one would be privileged to ride; paid all bills myself, though somewhat contrary to respectable customs in China; and at the end of the route dismissed without regret him who at the first had appeared before me in such fine colours, and who had more than once so surprisingly considered my needs.

The question is: Is this man a Christian, and still honest, or a Christian temporarily dishonest, or not a Christian, and dishonest? Like a great many in Christian lands, he must be regarded as favourably as possible until the exact facts and intentions are learned. Shall his religion flourish at the expense of his brains, or his brains at the expense of his religion? Was he merely anxious to make both the foreigner and himself popular through liberality, or did he consider only his own interests? Was he intentionally good,

but naturally negligent? Did an amiable disposition spoil precision in matters of business? Was the man honest according to the code he knew, while dishonest according to the Christian code, which he knew only in part? *In dubio.*

CHAPTER X.

THE ROMANCE OF A CHINESE INN.

PASSING along the street of village or city, just as the western brightness vanishes into night, with the hours of tedious travel now hastening to a close, rest beneath any roof, with its quiet sleep, is as much appreciated as the cosy room in the elegant palace can be to the anxious politician. Weariness is the mother of contentment, while leisure and ease may conduce to grumbling. The 'large inn' on the 'big road' is at last reached, and through a doorway the travellers pass, the animals always going ahead, as if anxious to lay aside their burdens, and roll themselves over and over in the dusty court. The doorway looks forth toward the court, while at the sides are the cooking establishment, and the huge brick bed for the poor footmen, or the private room of the innkeeper.

Never mind these, for you are in haste to find your own room. Around the court are a few rooms, while the rest of the space belongs to beast and vehicle. Entering the chief-guest room, a smoky oil-pitcher reveals all the magnificence of the surroundings. The walls are black and dusty, with here and there a

soiled motto. At one end is the splendid, ever-recurring brick bed, while at the other is a bed of boards, over which is laid a mat of straw. Directly opposite the main entrance is a table as clean as the eating-house, or the walls around, or the ground floor beneath; and when a wet cloth, dirtier than all, and sometimes used to clean the dishes, rubs to a shine this covering to the table, and when chairs or benches are placed on the two sides, you are left like a poor servant, but supposed to be a master of respectability. Your bedding—for the traveller in China takes up his bed as he goes, and lays it down when he arrives—is spread out in artistic style, the only clean things in the room; and while your meal is in preparation you recline in a true missionary spirit, with more or less of self-satisfaction.

During the night a peculiar sound may be heard, soft as a donkey's salute, gentle as a mule's lament, serene as a horse's response. The concert of four-footed beasts is broken only by the indefinable jabbering of these same animals busy at their food; and towards the early morning, when the lanterns are lit, new strains of impromptu music arise from the well-trained voices, lifting their melody as a *finale* to the night.

If the summer be at hand, other animals will be at work too, sometimes making music, sometimes silent, but rapid in movement, coming like a foe, fearing no rebuff, scorning death, however bloody, or however savage be the attack. The small and the great meet together, and in every conflict the great man will *feel* that he has been 'badly bitten.'

Instead of a dirty room with equivalent accessories, you may perchance have a new one—the door well made, the windows covered with clean white paper, the music

for the most part hushed, and the cold winter wind blowing without. Yet even here you have your own bed, and you make your own bed, and the more you have the better you are. You smile in sincere happiness; for at such a time, in such an inn, no wind rushes in through torn windows or broken-down doorway, neither does any dampness creep up from floor or bed—up, up, up your limbs, up your back, defying quinine, yet thwarted at last.

For one room, with as many beds as you please or as space will allow, whether new or old, ancient as the ages or modern as modern China, the pattern ever the same, you pay the enormous bill of fivepence, unless the innkeeper be meek and the guest be aggressive, and then, right or wrong, twopence-halfpenny pays for lodging, a penny for water, one penny for fire, and the meal to be taken according to the European plan.

The Chinese inn is not to be pictured, but tested; and if truth be spoken, then to a contented mind there will be contentment, to a critical mind criticism, to a desponding mind despondency—just that state of mind excited by the man rather than denoted by the inn. Probably as many happy persons sleep in Chinese inns, with a brick for the pillow, as sleep in the mansions of Belgravia with their rich tapestry and fine paintings, and the lace curtains to hide the sleeper.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SALAMS AND CEREMONY OF ITINERATION IN CHINA.

I HAD learned before leaving the coast that foreigners were known and had been seen all over the province, and that the early days of curiosity had been allotted to the formation of the experiences of the older missionaries. But let me show what a young missionary is, and then form your own estimate of the well-tried, ever-to-be-revered older missionary.

Riding over the hills on a clear sunny day, under bright skies, with spirit calm and fancy aglow, I see a man throw down in the field his antique agricultural implement, and run. Running, he shouts to a man some distance away, 'Devil! devil!' By the direction of his flight—towards myself—I know who is meant. A small boy, hearing the shout, squeaks out, distinct in the mountain air, 'Foreign devil! foreign devil!' The analysis of my character is getting finer and finer, and the runners are getting nearer. By the roadside I see the spectators, and they of course see a new devil from abroad. What good does my diploma from college and theological seminary do me now? Even a 'D.D.'

is a 'F.D.' out here in China. You may get a 'D.D.' without paying for it (sometimes); but the title of 'F.D.' costs to the missionary, if not money, at least something else. Trial of patience, lowliness of mind, meekness of spirit, abundance of forgiveness, charity that 'doth not behave itself unseemly,' Christian nobleness and sobriety, with temperance, all require due manifestation at a moment's notice, demanding more than extempore preparation. Even older missionaries have been known to assert their individuality, ignoring their irreversible *nom de plume*.

Some twenty years ago this appellation was unknown in China, at least in the north. It came from the south like the cholera, going just as fast, and far more epidemic. The significance of the name, applied to fighting Englishman and pushing American, to crafty Frenchman and aggressive German—to every one under the sun not a Chinaman—is still an enigma. A foreigner with different dress, differing with every new foreigner, with eyes improperly set, whiskers improperly grown, and manners subject to no rules, is viewed at first not as a man like the Chinese; and as they themselves are men, some other term must be applied to the foreigner. Hence they call him *kuei*, which may mean spirit or devil. In a favourable consideration the spirit might be called a good one; and as Paul was once called Mercury, and Barnabas Jupiter, so a foreign missionary might be elevated to the rank of good spirits or gods. Only in exceptional cases, as in the last famine, could a missionary, by meritorious and Heaven-inspired deeds, be thus exalted. The grade below man is more fitting, and the great remedy is to prove the words of Paul, 'We also are men of like passions with you.' When the superstition

has passed, as it has in nearly every part of China where foreigners have gone preaching the Gospel of truth and righteousness, the name may still abide. As a term of reproach, as a common and familiar designation, for the sake of sport, or in open dislike, as an indication of more intense hatred, the same cry may still be heard.

The missionary may adopt the native dress, but still, by at least some, he will be called 'devil.' He may assert the rights of treaty and punish the culprit; but from some alley or some closed door, or at some safe distance, he is recognised as of yore. 'If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of His household!'

The one region where I have heard the name the least is where relief was rendered the famishing villagers on one occasion among the hills of Central Shan-tung. The memory of kindness not only can make converts, but it checks anger, deadens disgust, and silences the reviler.

It should also be understood that perhaps 'devil' is too strong a translation of the Chinese term, and that 'spirit,' once man, but now so no more, would be more appropriate. The Chinese have particular terms of reviling for persons of the different provinces, and this is only a new one to be applied to a new class. Many of the more illiterate use it without knowing the exact meaning. Several years ago a company of venerable men entered an inn, and in a most respectful way bowed to a foreigner, addressing him as, 'Your honourable foreign devil.' They used the expression which they had heard, not knowing exactly what the Chinese characters or the meaning might be. In fact, many a foreigner may needlessly stir up his temper on hearing

an expression to which he has attached an idea far worse than the original intent.

An inn on a main road in a large village on a market-day is reached. You leave your animals to feed in the court, and you enter the best guest-room. The door is closed. Soon voices are heard outside. The miniature menagerie, the living orang-outang, is inside. The door is pushed open, and the gazers gaze. One man, braver than the rest, enters. The man is a Chinaman, trained according to a code of etiquette which, if practised, would be nowhere displeasing. You remember the fact, and so, in due politeness, arise, and with hands clasped in front, bow profoundly. The man bows, but says nothing. Your food and tea are on the table, and no gentleman would intrude himself at such a time. You adopt the Chinese expedient, and ask him to drink tea. Instead of taking the hint, and excusing himself and politely retiring, he remains steadfastly gazing. You inquire his 'honourable name,' and continue to bow. He replies to your question, but does not leave. You then pause, look at the man straight in the eye without wavering; and soon the man wavers, looks around, up at the ceiling, back at your glaring eye, out at his companions, and then decides, by a law of necessity rather than politeness, to leave. Your foreign device has succeeded.

You now sit down, and take your meal in peace—for a moment. Another man enters, and another, and another, until, alas! your room is filled. You decide to forbear. You will show yourself friendly. Now the show begins. One man—the tiger-trainer—feels your shoes, and makes a suggestion. Another man—the snake-charmer—lifts up your coat and investigates the close-fitting under apparel—a strange

phenomenon to a Chinaman. A third takes off your hat and looks for a tail. The exhibition is now interesting. Conversation is brisk. The specimen—ah! strange to say—it too can talk. They now praise your language. They ply you with questions. They seem about as ignorant of Europe as some Europeans seem of China. 'Does your country have any sun?' 'Is Jesus your King there?' 'Is England as large as this province?' 'Did opium come from there?' 'Do you till the soil?' 'Do you have rice?' The circus now begins to close. The spectators move. One leaves—all leave; and you now finish your meal.

How shall the missionary act amid all such circumstances? Shall he use force, and drive away all intruders? Must he think of his dignity and convenience? Must he refuse all visitors until he himself is ready? Or must he be ready to see all who come, and talk with them in a friendly way? In general, we would say, patience, politeness, kindness, and geniality are indispensable qualities in missionary itineration.

CHAPTER XII

CHINESE CHRISTIANS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

WHILE visiting, in the company of Dr. John L. Nevius, various mission stations in the central part of the province of Shan-tung, I found myself one day high up among the mountains, the sky clear and blue, the air pure and exhilarating, with silence resting there, and a spirit of adoration excited, as mountain range after mountain range spread out before me in every direction, and massive rocks loomed up, appearing as awful sentinels of heaven watching the events of earth. Here, among these mountains and up these heights, I saw a little Chinese village of only some nine families, not dwelling together with a mud wall around, like most villages in China, but dwelling apart, like some of the little homesteads in the barren districts of the west of America. There was needed no defence, for the people were all too poor to be robbed. They terraced the sides and ploughed the gullies; they toiled from early morn till night came on; and in time of toil as well as rest they all seemed contented.

Three of these nine families belong to the Christian

Church, and each family includes not only the old folks but all the living deseendants. Twenty-three communieants and several bright ehildren already baptized were the harvest that had been gathered. In the morning of a week-day these converts gathered together to reeeive the instruetion of their pastor. He asked the younger ones to reeite verses of Seripture; and this they did, reciting the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew. One boy had already memorised the whole of Matthew's Gospel, and was beginning the Aets. Even the old woman of seventy years, with bent form and white hair and fading eyesight, had her prayer to repeat and her verse to reeite, and her trust in Christ as the Saviour to eonfess. In the afternoon they all again eame together to partake of the Lord's Supper. The old and the young were all there. They sang our hymns and listened to the sermon; they reverently knelt in prayer, and solemnly received the bread and wine—a little ehureh in a poor man's house. It put me in mind of the Christians in the Reformation time, fleeing to the Alps to serve and praise God undisturbed. In the evening again most of them came together, and onee more received a little exhortation and encouragement. All was simplicity, naturalness, reverenee, and true faith, dwelling together in love and harmony.

During the day-time we entered the plain rooms of these humble Christians. The little child, barefoot and almost naked, ran along the hillside, pulling up roots for his own food and the food of his older brothers. A little grain was stored away in the house, but hardly enough to supply a large family through the winter months, and yet all seemed eontented, and, furthermore, asked for nothing.

And what was the guest-room? Ten feet by ten, with no window, with a door that loved the fairness of things by letting in the cool as well as keeping it out. A small room, and yet the guests stopping there only for a night or two were not the ones to grumble.

These humble Christians are the best answer to the charge raised against so many of the converts in China that they are 'rice-Christians.' Of a hundred converts in China probably ninety are country people. Of these ninety, probably sixty are of the agricultural or working class. And of the sixty, probably a half are poor. Of these poor ones it does not seem likely that many have entered the Church merely to receive pecuniary benefit. That such a motive is mingled with a purer motive in a few cases is to be expected; but in most places, after the number of converts has become considerable, there is little ground for expecting any help from either the missionary or the natives. Already the Church has been trained to contribute, and in this obligation even the poorest are not exempt. Supposing that here and there a person has joined the Church for the sake of finding a place or getting food to eat; afterwards, when the expectation is again and again thwarted, such a person will probably of his own accord leave the communion of Christians, and so be an object for discipline, or he will come to look at the Church in the right way, and will adopt those principles which he once ignored. The term 'rice-Christian' is no more fit in China than 'food-Christian' would be in England or America.

These Christians among the mountains live good lives, teach each other, meet their pastor once or

twice a year, and find their joy in their trust. Good-bye to these mountain homes, with their devoted disciples of Jesus, poor yet rich! Thanks for the lesson of their lives and the proof of their piety!

CHAPTER XIII.

AN AMATEUR ITINERATION IN CHINA.

ONE of the most necessary qualities in a missionary's character is the sense of appreciation. The sooner the spirit of gratitude is cultivated, the sooner will life appear bright. It is expected of a missionary that he relate what he has done in doing good to others. Perhaps it is just as fitting in a young missionary if he tell some of the good he has received. Let us look at three months of itineration, at the close of the first year in China.

First, I would speak of the itineration as a gymnasium. Sitting in various postures, Oriental and Occidental alike; sleeping amid the howling winds or in the coolness of a calm night; riding all kinds of vehicles and animals, or walking along paths that wend their way through a varied scenery; eating food that costs but little, but can train an athlete; breathing the pure air of an exhilarating climate, free from worry and surprised by the novel—no wonder that it is healthy to itinerate. If it is good to 'rough it,' it is especially so in China, where the autumn skies are pure and the air bracing, and moderation always

enjoined. This is a gymnasium, not on the German basis, but as attached to the colleges of America, for museular and physieal development.

Secondly, we would notiee the elass-room. There are here many teachers—the noisy boy and the sneering man, the polished teacher and the plain farmer, the foreigner who speaks as well as a native, and the native who would like to speak as a foreigner. Some of the missionary societies have a custom of leaving a young missionary almost at onee to the confusion of Chinese jabbering. It is only a surprise to me that these proud, eonceited Chinamen, hearing the hesitating, babyish talk of a foreigner, do not despise the foreigners more than they do. With sueh a multitude of teachers, why not make a wise seleetion? Why show off one's ignorance to the multitude? Watch for a man that is no prouder than yourself, and to him alone show how much you *don't* know. As soon as he assumes the authority of a sultan, and regards you as his personal property, be solemnly silent, while waiting for another teacher. Let the foreigner praetise in private, but let him also boldly seek instructors. The spoken language of any eountry is always best learnt among the natives, and in China there is no exeeption, —only let the study be a real and persistent one, and not all play. In our elass-room, besides the class in languages, there is a primary class in geography and history. The native teaches the foreigner, and the foreigner teaches the native. After this eomes the class in etiquette—a branch emphasised in Chinese sehools, but too much neglected in foreign.

In addition to all this training is the training in moral philosophy and Christian living. Question after question of ethieal niceness will arise, needing far more

than a knowledge of even the Revised Version or the ancient manuscripts. It is in such journeying that the missionary is impressed with the essential requirement of a worthy example. Humbled by failures in bodily endurance or intellectual attainment, he is often still more humbled by his spiritual deficiencies. Wherever he goes, whether among native Christians or idolatrous strangers, the need of correct conduct is imperative, worth more than eloquence or learning in the dissemination of Gospel truth.

Thus understanding the need and realising the deficiency, the missionary, like others, is in a state of receptivity, ready for help and counsel. The two great helps, the Bible and prayer, precious at any time, are more so amid the solitariness of one's own spirit or the annoyances of unsympathetic observers. Never have I appreciated hours of devotion or the study of Holy Writ as during the months of travel, when other books are not seen, and conversation with congenial friends is seldom enjoyed. Some humble effort of a poor beggar-woman seeking for the truth; the heroism of some young man witnessing for Christ amid the opposition and threats of parents and relatives; the manly, cheerful patience exhibited under the scoffs of former comrades; the diligence in Bible study, as shown in many a country station of faithful Christians; and the honest, unhesitating acceptance of revealed truth—all reminded me of my own duty amid greater opportunities, and gave new impulse to my faith, aims, and desires.

One Sunday I visited a company of Christians, heard them recite passages of Scripture, and listened to the story of their struggles; saw the blind woman rejoicing in her new-found treasure, and watched the

anxiety of the old for the baptism of the children; and in all I was blest. Another Sunday, as the drizzling rain came down, and the chilly wind blew through the window and doorway, I wrapped myself in my shawl, sat down on the brick bed, and by myself read carefully chapter after chapter of John's Gospel, with all those matchless words of the Saviour, and then felt my soul aglow and my faith quicken, taught by the Teacher of all teachers, who still speaks to us from the printed page and by the presence of the Spirit whom He promised.

As students for the ministry can oftentimes best drive away doubts by attending some simple evangelistic service among the degraded, and listening to the testimony of the converted, so many a missionary will be a stronger Christian by leaving the routine of station-work and visiting towns and villages, where the effects of a primitive Christianity appear in their strength and simplicity.

CHINESE TEMPLE AND PAGODA.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

IN Christian lands we speak of sects; in heathen lands of religions. At home there are divisions that find it hard to differ; abroad, there are mighty systems that cannot but vie with each other, and that now and then, with a frenzied zeal, persecute and slay one another. China, though often regarded as a far less religious country than India, while yet more ethical and practical, affords a splendid study of religious organisation and missionary impulse. Without entering into an analysis of these religions, it is well to know their names and their historical order.

First in time of origin comes Taoism, founded by the philosophical treatise of the reformer, Lao-tse, in the seventh century before Christ. The divinities of to-day are chosen according to none of the directions of their illustrious teacher, but, with the old speculation and contemplation cherished in asceticism, have mingled during the succeeding centuries magic, astrology, and other ideas, that are meant to satisfy uneasy hearts and ever-present superstition. The teachings two thousand four hundred years ago may be compared to the Essenism

of Palestine, or the Gnosticism of Alexandria, or the Mysticism of later days; but modern Taoism is only a 'motley chaos,' disgusting to the philosophical mind.

Next comes Confucianism—the system of moral and political well-doing that came forth from the earnest soul of Confucius, the practical reformer of the sixth century before Christ. He visited the founder of Taoism, and heard his lamentations of the depraved age and his proposals for purification; but on returning to his home, in sincere veneration of the generations before him, he combined the best teachings of the past, and then added to them others of his own. Confucianism remains to-day much the same as when fashioned by Confucius and his disciples, except more astray as to God and the future, and more contaminated by idolatries and superstitions that other religions have introduced.

Different from these two religions, all the others were destined to be foreign, and hence largely missionary. Judaism, entering the country by the north-west, over the mountains and plains from a former captivity in Chaldea, came at least a hundred years before Christ, and so for centuries, though numbering thousands, remained ignorant of the advent of the Messiah and of the destruction of the Holy City. Ever clannish and ever roaming, though seldom successful missionaries, the Jews have lodged in the midst of the populous province of Ho-nan, hostile to foreigners; but to-day, with a synagogue destroyed by their own hands to feed their own mouths, with ignorance of their own books, rites, and festivals, with no priests or scribes, they are practically conformed to the Chinese around them, or to the Mohammedans who also live there. A people dispersed, and their religion gone!

In the year 67 of the Christian era, an embassy which had been sent forth by an emperor to find some 'holy one' in the West, returned from India, bringing the apostles of Buddhism. If this religion ever deserved the title, 'The Light of Asia,' it was certainly long before it possessed Asia. The Buddhism of to-day, like the Taoism of to-day, has rolled mounds of rubbish on the many seeds of truth dropped by this self-denying reformer among the Brahmins of India; and while seeking to adapt foreign teachings to the Chinese mind, it has so far lost its own distinct character that to be a worshipper in Buddhist temples does not exclude worship before Taoist altars or Confucian tablets.

Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism—the three recognised religions of long standing—now hide their differences and incompatibilities, and seek to be one.

In the first part of the sixth century came Nestorian missionaries. Churches were built, converts were made; the high and the low were alike attracted by the new teachings or the gorgeous ritual. In 1625 a tablet was discovered outside the provincial capital of Shen-si, on which were Chinese and Syriac inscriptions. It explained the tenets of Nestorianism, and bore witness to the success of Christian missionaries during the Middle Ages in China.

Next, in the eighth or ninth centuries, came Mohammedanism by the way of the sea; and to-day there are over ten millions of converts in different parts of China, but especially in the western provinces. Erecting in their mosques tablets to the emperor, and in many ways conforming to the customs of the people, the Mohammedans of China are different from those of Arabia, and are generally friendly to all

foreigners who likewise come to destroy idolatry. Dr. Wells Williams says: 'So far as can be seen, their worship of the true God has not the least influence on the polytheism of the nation, or in elevating the tone of morals.'

The Roman Catholic religion came during the romantic and glorious epoch of Kublai Khan, the Napoleon of the East, during days when Mongolian power swept the continent; and Marco Polo, with a letter from Pope Gregory the Tenth, returned from Europe with three Italian priests in 1274. For a hundred years this new religion was favoured by the high and reigning classes, and then for upwards of two hundred years it suffered declension, till in 1582 Father Ricci inaugurated a new and bright epoch. Again forbidden in the middle of the last century, it secretly inculcated its doctrines and administered the sacraments, till treaties with foreign powers once more opened the gates. China is divided among the different Romish orders, and no lack of recruits is ever apparent.

Eighth in order of time is Protestantism. Robert Morrison, in 1807, began work; and since his arrival numerous translations of the Bible have been made, schools of high grade have been established, books have been prepared, native preachers have been trained, native churches have been organised, and in every province either foreigners or natives have gone preaching the Gospel.

The missionary, knowing history, must be able to analyse and discriminate, must appreciate the opportunities, and must seriously reckon the enemy's bulwarks that require to be vanquished.

The cause of peace is found in the Christian religion, but just as truly the Christian religion has

more than once been the occasion of strife and bloodshed. Let the aggressiveness of the Christian Church once be felt, let Christianity become a new force of giant strength anywhere or at any time, and just there and then will opposition be aroused. The claims of Christ do not possess a heart without some struggle, neither do they conquer a rival religion or gain the control in any land without some perilous times. It may be that persecution will be checked by the presence of strong Christian powers; but we are inclined to believe that Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Mohammedanism will not disappear without some fearful scenes, close grappling, sharp charges, and stubborn defence. We may long to see the cause of Christ exalted in every land, but just before the last victory will come the heaviest fighting. Who can picture the upheavals, the roar and the din, that will come in such an empire as China, when the patient, plodding, calculating people shall learn that the Christian claims for his religion not only a place in the land, and not only a place along with other religions, but a place *above* them, and so far above them that their existence shall be shrunk from sight, and Christ, now rejected of men, shall be Lord over all!

CHAPTER XV.

THREE IMPORTANT CHINESE DYNASTIES.

WHOEVER would understand aright the rank of China among the nations of the world must study its history not only separately, but in connection with universal history. To view the nation by itself is the view of the average Chinaman, and to him China can well be regarded as the whole world under the heavens. That there is reason for such a narrow view can quickly be appreciated, when to the breadth of territory we add length of time, and the Chinese student goes back four thousand years to the first imperial dynasty, and from that early date traces forward the progress of the empire, amid successive reversals of power and change of rulers, until to-day, in the twenty-fifth dynasty, the pure native race in eighteen provinces yields to the dominance of an outside people and a Manchu emperor.

If a Chinaman should know a little of the history of other countries, is it any the less a duty for a European or an American to know a little, a very little,

ENTRANCE TO TOMBS OF THE MING DYNASTY.

of Chinese history? But the study, we fancy, must be made easy. The most important must be learned first.

The three last dynasties of Chinese history are called the Yuen, Ming, and Ching, or the Mongolian, native Chinese, and Manchu—six hundred years in all.

In the decline of one of the native dynasties in the first part of the thirteenth century, an attack was made on the Chinese by the Manchus or Eastern Tartars. Needing relief, the Chinese sought the aid of the Mongols or Western Tartars. The aid was rendered; but not long had victory been won over the invader when the ally appeared as the master. It was the time of Kublai Khan, whose power was a parallel to Alexander the Great, and whose name has been honoured among all nations. In India, Persia, and Russia—nay, even to the Baltic Sea—was the sway of the Mongols extended, till the Christians of Western Europe fled to the churches and prayed for the protection of Heaven. This is an epoch full of glowing romance, fanciful brilliancy, sudden triumph, and a great display of real strength. Thomas Carlyle might have graphically portrayed the time, and left for duller writers the story of the French Revolution. It was then that the Grand Canal was built. An imperial palace, of vast dimensions and wealth, was erected in Peking, and there the emperor passed the winter season. Merchants and merchandise came from India, Arabia, and Persia. Commerce flourished on the sea, and tourists travelled across the plains to behold the glory of the Mongol encampments. Bridges of solid masonry and ornamental designs were made over the streams; and highways connected the limits

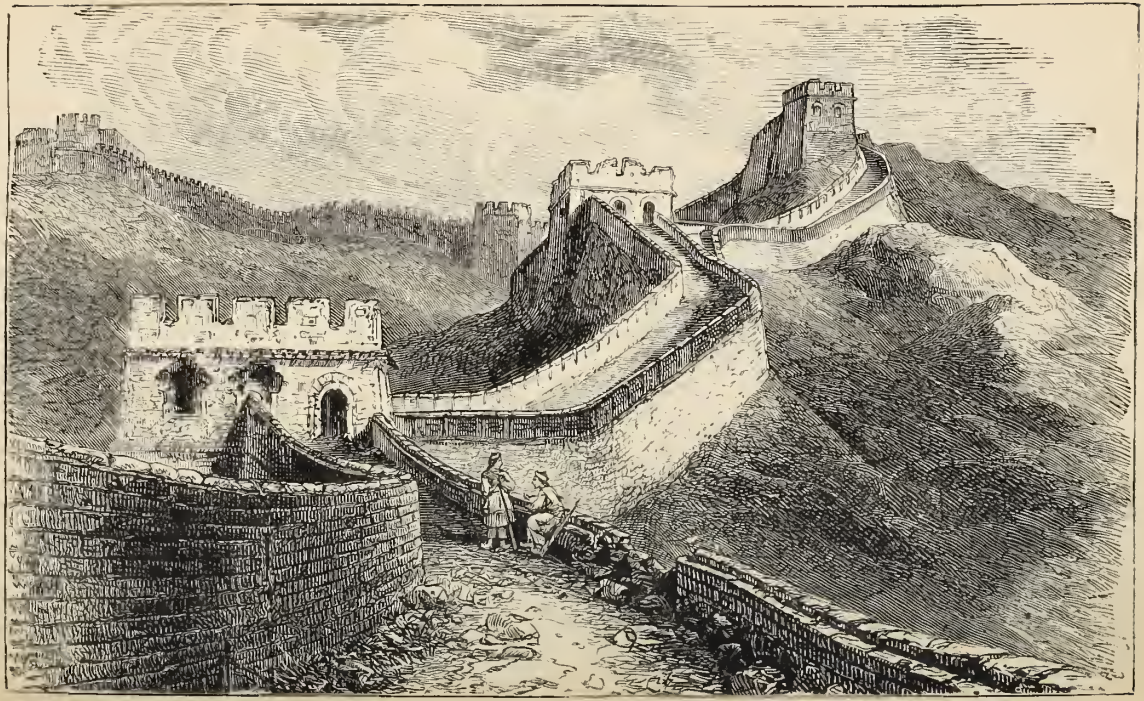
of the growing empire. The Government was centralised and strong; trade and manufactures flourished; peace for the most part prevailed. The Polo brothers told their wonderful stories; and Roman Catholicism, while vainly struggling against the dominant influence of Buddhism, yet received high favours of the ruling house. In less than a hundred years the dynasty disappeared, yielding to an insurrection which arose among the people.

The dynasty which succeeded lasted nearly three hundred years. The capital was removed from Peking to Nanking, till the Government grew stronger to cope with the Tartars, and then Peking was restored to its former prestige. Spanish and Portuguese, Dutch and English, attempted trade with China during this period, and commerce by the sea received a new impetus. All this, however, was more carried on through the provincial authorities of Canton than by any direct communication with the emperor or authorities at Peking. Towards the middle of the dynasty, Roman Catholic priests, coming by sea to the busy port of Canton, rather than by the plains of Mongolia to the palace of the emperor, once more effected an entrance; and by skilful schemes and affable conduct, as well as scientific learning, gained a standing at last with the court of Peking. Here and there insurrections appeared, debauchery began to reign in the imperial circles, dissatisfaction prevailed, and finally the Manchus once more appeared in warfare, until, after several years of bloodshed, the last emperor of the dynasty committed suicide, and the Manchus assumed the control of all the affairs of the Government.

The Manchu dynasty, beginning in the year 1644,

at once undertook the complete subjugation of the Chinese people, but in doing so it wisely united policy with war. The affairs of the empire were not committed exclusively to the Manchus, this being an impossibility, from a lack of competent men; neither did the invaders refuse to adopt many of the customs of the conquered. In one particular there was a mark of subjection, and that was the forced introduction on the part of the men of the plaited queue. It was also attempted to compel the women to cease the custom of binding the feet; but in this there was lamentably a failure. The methods of controlling the political affairs of the empire remained practically as before, with the same written laws and the same ceremonies. Especially during the sixty-one years of the reign of K'ang-tsi did prosperity rest on the land. He encouraged learning, restored an interest in the ancient writings of Confucianism, prepared a standard dictionary, supported his rule with capable men, and sought in many ways to make his people satisfied and his name great. The Roman Catholic missionaries once more secured favour, especially by the Jesuits at Peking—men of extensive learning and quick intuition. They came in contact with the emperor, and were allowed to build churches in the very capital. Leading families adopted the new faith, and it seemed as if by a decree the empire might be saved to Christianity. At one time a French Jesuit was appointed to negotiate a treaty with Russia, and all the success was willingly traced to him. But, alas, the greatest emperor of the present dynasty came in collision with the mandates of the pope; and Christianity was in a moment prohibited. The last thirty years of the dynasty only boys have

sat on the throne, and the affairs of the Government have been in the hands of the many. Foreign relations press on every side, rebellions now and then arise, discontent is prevalent; but the dynasty still exists.



THE GREAT WALL.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

VERY few visitors to the city of Peking have the humility or courage to abstain from visiting the Great Wall. Not to do as others do would be an eccentricity. The missionary, not altogether free from innate pride, listens to the call of his worldly ambition, and after many an inward struggle makes one desperate resolve, and 'goes to the wall.' Happy the man who can find a guide, not from among the covetous Chinamen or from the ranks of easy-going men of the world, but from those cool-headed men of experience who form the missionary body-guard of the imperial capital. With no little pleasure did I learn that a fellow-American, the Rev. Mr. Whiting, had been advised by his physician to take a short trip into the country, and that he was inclined to accompany me on a visit to the Great Wall. Being an old resident of Peking and accustomed to travel all prices were smoothly arranged with cartman, donkey-driver, innkeeper, and the many impromptu gatekeepers of all the famous resorts along the route.

The wall by direct and hasty route might possibly

be reached and a return made to Peking in two days' time; but it is advisable to take easy stages, and see something more than a few old bricks and stones, that emphasise the already self-evident fact of China's antiquity and deep-rooted conservatism.

The Chinaman is, however, modern enough, and Yankee enough, to want cash on the slightest acquaintance, and at no established rate except the rate of plenty, and then, when plenty is given, to still increase it by a geometrical progression. So much has been drilled into the Chinese by the advent of the generous 'globe-trotter,' who fails, however, to be generous to the cause of missions.

On the way to the wall from Peking may be seen a large monument, erected in honour of a leading priest of the Lama faith, finely carved with scenes from his life. Then farther on may be seen one of the wonders of the world, a massive bell nearly five hundred years old, the largest bell that is hung in the world, being fourteen feet high, thirty-four feet in circumference at the rim, and covered within and without with selections from Buddhist classics in Chinese characters. Not far from the temple where hangs this bell are the ruins of the emperor's summer palace, sadly indicating the glory of the days that preceded the exciting year of 1860, when French and English soldiers, marching to the capital, shamefully devastated some of the prettiest spots in all China, where even French architecture had been added to the Chinese, heightening the natural charm of the wooded dales, the sparkling springs, the lakes, the caverns, and the many little hills that overlooked this garden of Nature and this luxury of the imperial family. Still beyond, in a fertile plain, surrounded by hills on every side, except where a

valley at the south opened up a beautiful entrance, there appeared the tombs and worship-halls of thirteen of the emperors of the Ming or Chinese dynasty, now well-nigh deserted, except by the casual visits of strangers, or the occasional worship of the few descendants of a family that lost its power two hundred and fifty years ago. On a rising summit, where had been placed a tablet to the memory of the first emperor of that dynasty, there was a massive worship-hall still in splendid condition, some two hundred and fifty feet in length, whose roof was supported by solid wooden pillars twelve feet around; and in the quietness of that hall the only object moving about was a small donkey, which had strayed in from the deserted fields, as if to show that they who had ruled in the past had now been forgotten of men, and that strong walls, art, and worship could not guarantee the esteem of after generations.

At last the Great Wall is reached, after a tedious ride through a stony mountain pass, while the rain is coming down, and the thin cotton Chinese garments of the rider are drenched, and his ardour still faster and faster cooling. Standing on the wall that had wended its way up a steep mountain-side, I saw before and behind me a panorama of hills of various sizes and slopes, while now and then could be seen a village, a stream, or the main highway that leads up into Mongolia. The thoughts connected with the scene called back my cooling ardour, and I would fain hymn a song of praise to this most lasting of all strong empires. A wall over two thousand years of age, fifteen hundred miles in length, built in ten years of persistent energy and autocratic authority, some fifteen feet wide at the top, and varying in height from eighteen to thirty feet, ignoring chasms, precipices, and mountains—it cannot

but impress one as a strange marvel, if not an evident utility. Every few hundred yards are towers that rise from fifteen to forty feet high, giving the wall the aspect of a military defence. Use the material in this wall, and another wall could be built, as one has said, six feet high and two feet thick, twice around the world.

When one considers the large number of workmen needed, and how a ruler of a small kingdom, as China then was, could effectively keep all these at their task year after year, he can only be amazed at the power that controlled, and wonder whether patriotism, self-protection, superstition, fear, or mere fancy, was the dominating motive. Whatever the cause, there to-day are the walls that hands twenty centuries ago succeeded in building; and, serpent-like, the walls still curve their way from summit to summit, or doggedly push across some plain, bidding defiance to those invading armies that came and fought with bow and arrow, spear and javelin, but now are resting beneath the ground.

The past had its ambition, its skill, and its fears, but not always the greatest wisdom. Neither does the present possess all wisdom, so long as soldiers still march the deserts and navies plough the sea, and men still cry for blood, revenge, and plunder. Let the future learn from the past and the present, and seek a wisdom which is from above, and which, first of all is pure and peaceful.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE IMPERIAL CITY OF PEKING.

MANY an important city in China may be visited, and its attractions appreciated, whose name, when mentioned, would be unrecognised by even the intelligent of our home lands. Not so is it with Peking. Every schoolboy has pictured to himself, in his romantic fancy, those high walls, broad and strong, on which soldiers may ride side by side, as on the city walls of ancient Babylon. Its large population has been magnified, and reiteration is necessary to prove that Peking not only is not the largest city of the world, but not the largest city of China. However, let the charm still abide, and let us together visit the wonder and pride of at least the Chinaman, and let us together form our candid estimate, be it praise or detraction.

One who has seen other cities in China, and noticed the narrow streets, with their bustling pedestrians, is surprised on entering Peking to see the broad thoroughfares, one hundred feet wide, with carts moving leisurely along, and the many tents along the way, in which story-tellers are amusing the people, or where little speculations in fancy goods or old clothes are the

highest ambition of the easy-going traders, who come from near and far.

One who has only seen the cities of other lands sees in Peking a complete novelty, is surprised at the antique, is disgusted with the smells, laments the decay, and goes home with ridicule.

Tientsin is the treaty-port in the north, and from there, if you can control your nerves and Western temper, you take a cart to Peking. It is only two days of ninety miles' jostling, the night at the inn generally meaning only three or four hours' sleep. In the afternoon of the second day, as you see the country hamlets or quiet temples, or still more quiet tombs, with trees to shade the solemn stillness, you wonder if your driver knows the road aright, for no high towers, church spires, or colossal residences appear in sight. But Peking is not Paris, Constantinople, or New York. When only a mile distant you may see rising up from the plain a high wall crowned with warlike buttresses—but, besides, nothing more to tell that thinking, feeling people dwell within. Your fancy is running wild until you pass through a city gate over a hideous stone road, your head jerked in all directions at well-nigh the same moment of time. Entering the city, you see a fairyland in open day, not magnificent, but only novel. On and on you ride, and another gate is passed, and by and by another, and soon still another, and in all this you find it hard to realise that Peking is not one city with one city wall, but four cities with populous suburbs outside of each of the thirteen outer gates. The encircling wall is some twenty miles long, with varying heights. First, in the south, is the wall of the Chinese city, some thirty feet high and fifteen feet wide at the top.

WALL OF PEKING.

Then, to the north, comes the higher wall of the Manchu or Tartar city, some fifty feet high and forty feet wide at the top. Though thus divided into two cities, the Chinese and Manchus intermingle—the Manchu emperor still ruling over all China, but the Chinese more and more gaining the mastery in business, and practically the best informed in politics. In the midst of the northern city is a wall surrounding the imperial city, wherein is more seclusion than is possible without. Inside this is still another wall, which surrounds the forbidden city, which none but officials are allowed to enter. Here the emperor dwells, distinct from the life of his people, and in himself powerless to rule the empire.

Peking has its sights, or no traveller accustomed to luxurious steamers and carriages would endure either the journey there or the inconveniences of the place itself.

In distinguishing the attractions, the first prize must be given to the places of foreign taste and influence. Go to any of the heathen sights, as the Lama Temple, the Confucian Temple, or the Temple of Heaven ; go to any of the palaces or gardens, and either admittance is refused, or selfish money-grabbing is the only result of a hurried peep at the curious sights. On the other hand, where Christians hold sway, there free entrance is allowed, and kind, polite treatment is given. You may go to the different chapels of the Protestants, where men listen to the message of the Gospel, and you in turn will be recognised as a friend. You may go to the Russian chapel, where the priest receives you with kindness, and where reverence is instinctively inculcated, and as you leave you leave with a benediction on that

Orthodox Church, which sends forth its missionaries to Japan and China, and commits unto them the open Bible. In connection with the Roman Catholic Church you will find not only friendliness, but art and architecture. In the Manchu city are four large cathedrals, in comparison with which the Protestant chapels appear insignificant and subordinate. The Southern Cathedral is the oldest Christian edifice in China, having been built by the Portuguese, and adorned with frescoed walls that call back the mind to scenes in Catholic countries. The Eastern Cathedral is one newly erected, of massive size, and of rather finer taste than any of the others. The Northern Cathedral is the only Christian edifice inside the imperial city, and has in connection with it a large museum, schools, printing-presses, and dispensary. The possession of the property is traced back to the time of the Emperor Kang-tsi, under whose patronage it was first built. From the high towers of the cathedral one could look over the wall of the forbidden city into the halls of the emperor, were it not that the Chinese have raised the wall to twice its former height, and thus protected themselves from any baneful influences, as well as maintained the imperial seclusion.[1]

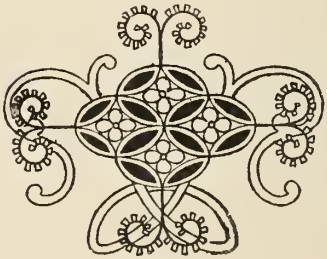
As to the native sights, the palace, the Temple of Heaven, and the Lama Temple—the most attractive of all—are for the most part closed to foreigners, unless money, force, or favour overcome the gatekeepers. The Temple of Heaven may, however, be seen from the south wall of the southern city—the magnificent altar, with its white marble, rising forth distinctly amid

[1] The cathedral has since been transferred to the emperor, and an exchange made to a suitable spot, still inside the imperial city. The premises now being erected will be the most extensive in China.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

the shade of the surrounding trees, and representing the highest form of worship that China has to-day—that of the ruler of the nation to the higher Power of heaven. The Lama Temple is composed of various buildings, the most important of which has an image of the coming Buddha some seventy feet high, while another is the chanting-hall, where a portion of the fifteen hundred Mongol or Tibetan priests chant their Buddhist prayers at regular intervals in the day and night. The leading Confucian temple is also composed of different buildings, the largest being upwards of forty feet high, and used for the worship of the sages by the highest literary men of the land, while without are tablets telling of all the literary graduates of the third degree for five hundred years, and other monuments recording the victories of different emperors, or carved with characters that seem to indicate a history two thousand five hundred years old. In the northern part of the city are two large high structures, upwards of a hundred feet high, the one a drum tower and the other a bell tower, from both of which the watches of the night are sounded, and in the latter of which is one of the five bells cast during the time of the Emperor Yung-lo, over four hundred years ago, and which weighs one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. North of the palace of the emperor can be seen an artificial mount called Prospect Hill, nearly one hundred and fifty feet high, composed of five summits, on the top of which are Buddhist temples, while around is a park nearly a mile in circumference, and covered here and there with trees—the whole being deemed a protection to the palace of the emperor. On the east wall of the northern city is the Observatory, where once Roman Catholic missionaries, at the beginning of the present dynasty,

prepared instruments, made mathematical calculations, taught correct astronomy, and occupied a commendable position in the empire. By the patient and careful observer other places of interest might be noted, but these are the observations of a plain missionary of common-place experience.



CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM TREATY-PORT TO PROVINCIAL CAPITAL.

A YOUNG missionary, having for three years lived in the comfortable and healthy port of Chefoo, — the sanatorium of China,— was transferred, in the autumn of 1885, to the capital of the province of Shantung, the city of Chi-nan-fu—called by Mrs. Williamson 'the Paris of China.' Would that the transfer in actuality had equalled the ease of the transfer made by that learned and august body, the Presbyterian Mission! But votes are always an illusion, if diffienlty of fulfilment is to be measured by the difficulty in casting a vote— especially about some one else.

One unacquainted with the question of moving in China, and supposing that the shortest road is always the best and cheapest, would quickly decide that the way to reach Chi-nan-fu from Chefoo would be by the direct overland route, with carts or wheelbarrows or mule-back—a distance of some three hundred and fifty miles. The decision would be correct if merely travelling as a tourist, but not so if moving as an American Presbyterian missionary, who attempts to carry home

tastes and home ideas of civilisation into the midst of Chinese conservatism and pride.

All at last is ready: farewell calls have been made, and the numbering of the worldly possessions begins. Twenty, thirty, fifty, eighty—and still more to follow. Frightful! How will the appropriation of the Board ever meet the bills? How can one possibly maintain his reputation as poor and self-denying? But, alas, there was no help in the packing, neither is there any help in the moving. Missionary bankruptcy stares forth, and, ah me! there is no chance for a collection or a donation-party. The fears, however, are repressed, and the most roundabout route is selected.

Coolie after coolie, until it seems not a coolie is left, is pressed into duty at six cents a head; and, with boxes on shoulders and satchels in hand, and a general hubbub and a particular confusion, all rush to the jetty, as a steamer from the south enters the harbour and signals a speedy departure. The young missionary enters the telegraph-office, and, with a profound sense of the world's progress, telegraphs to a missionary in Tientsin to hire a canal-boat, and have it meet the steamer on arrival at that city two days hence. Then he hurries to the jetty, counts the 'personal effects,' and lo! some have not yet arrived, and the steamer is going in half-an-hour. The earth seems whirling faster than ever, and a strange fatality threatens the missionary. Hurriedly the goods are placed in the Chinese boats, and all start for the steamer, which lies at anchor some distance away. A fellow-missionary is left on shore, to pay all bills and to await the remaining goods, which, with the servant, he is to hurry off to the steamer.

By an unusual amount of American agitation, the

young missionary and his 'worldly all' are safe on board ere the steamer whistles and the bell rings and the anchor is raised, and the familiar scenes are left behind.

In two days the large and busy port of Tientsin is reached, and the second stage of the journey is begun. In a little while a canal-boat comes aside, and then another and another, until the right one at last appears. The goods, amid much confusion, are transferred with no checking, except the checking off from

CHINESE BOATS.

one's own list, as the articles one by one are passed into the boat. Everything is crowded together without order or convenience, and lo! the young missionary sees that no place is left to sleep, eat, rest, or study. So another and a smaller boat is drafted into the service, after more than one hour of argument from more than one side as to proper economy or extravagance; and then another transfer is made, and another list prepared. Then the agent of the Steamship Company is visited, and a little bill is paid, owing to

the fact that the 'personal effects' appeared rather too extensive. Cash is distributed among the coolies who have assisted in the transfer; and the young missionary hurriedly dresses himself for a missionary wedding, when two happy folks tie themselves to each other's bondage, and wonder if they are still happy.

The next day our young novice, with his two boats, starts on his journey up the Grand Canal in the direction south-west from Tientsin, which in turn is north-west from Chefoo, thus completing the two shorter sides of a triangle. The mode of travelling by boat is a pleasant one, affording abundant leisure, to compensate for the rush of the life in port or the confusion of making connections. It takes some eight days to go some two hundred and fifty miles to the next transfer-station, the city of Tê-Chow. On arrival there the young missionary goes to the telegraph-office, and learns that the operator, a Chinaman, has been asked by the operator in Tientsin, formerly a student in America, to give all possible assistance in making the journey easy and agreeable. In a few minutes, by such an assistance, eleven large wheelbarrows are hired to start on the morrow, as usual, the question of money affording a lively discussion.

The morrow comes, and the transfer begins. One barrow is loaded and then another, and still another, till all the goods are securely tied on, the itemised list completed, the accounts settled, and all disputes ended. By the time all this labour is performed the sun is seen to sink rather low in the west, and no start seems possible till another to-morrow. The waves of the canal tumble the boats about in reckless disorder, and the wind blows its first cold blasts of coming winter.

The last stage is still southward, a distance of some eighty miles. It passes through the region where for years the Yellow River has overflown the country, and people have cried for food, clothing, and shelter.

The journey of some two weeks at last comes to an end. A small Chinese house is pointed out as a fitting abode for a bachelor, and in the open court thereof all the goods are safely stored. The only loss is an old watch, some patience and piety, and a basket of crockery. Considering all the trouble, all the worry, and all the expense that such moving has caused, it need not surprise one to know that the next time the said young missionary moves in China it will be more as a poor man, and more in accordance with apostolic example.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIFE IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

WHAT is meant by living 'in the interior'? Does it mean any place which happens not to be a treaty-port? or does it mean any place away from the coast? or does it mean only a place where no foreigner is living save oneself? Refraining from any analytical discussion of this mooted question, we will acknowledge that, according to treaties, 'in the interior' is a non-'treaty-port;' but for general application we will call life in the interior to be that which is lived apart from direct contact with the outside world, in a place where representatives of foreign powers have no direct oversight. The farther one goes inland, away from places where foreign nations seem to have a grasp, the more is he in the interior; and the more a missionary, whether in a treaty-port or in the interior, enters into the life of the people among whom he dwells, the more is he fulfilling the missionary idea rather than a denationalising policy.

In the first place, the social life is different. Outside of a circle of one, two, or more missionary families,

all social relations must be with the natives themselves. To one who seeks to influence for good the native classes rather than his missionary co-labourers, pleasure is heightened by increased acquaintance with the people, and regrets are felt if all doors are closed in the face. A missionary in a Chinese port must mingle more or less with other foreigners, and at least must conform to foreign ways. Houses, dress, prejudices, and conceit are all foreign, while if such were to prevail in the interior one would meet with some troublesome affronts. Here and there, in the interior, missionaries have erected foreign houses; they live as foreigners have been trained abroad to live, and are intent in providing all those comforts and luxuries that health and imagination require; but such persons are mostly away from the strong native influence of the cities, and are living at peace with the 'plain country folk.'

Next we notice the intellectual life. Either because of pressing missionary duties, or from the frequent commingling with the natives, one is greatly tempted to grow stagnant in thought, disinterested in the public questions of Western life, and more and more to be restricted to plans that are local and to duties that are immediate. In a port, on the other hand, there is a constant stimulus to leave the work and look at the world. A missionary in the interior will certainly have enough to do if he masters the principles of the three great religions of China as well as of the many forbidden sects, if he studies carefully the standard literature of China, if he continues to add to his Chinese vocabulary, and if he examines the customs, superstitions, and laws of the people. To confine one's powers to such Chinese studies, and to relinquish all foreign studies, is the most natural desire to one in the

interior; while at a port the great temptation is to be half-in-half—living *for* the Chinese, but *with* the foreigners.

In the third place, we should consider the evangelistic life. In many places the missionary has his regular routine just as in the port, whether to go to the hospital or street-chapel or to look after a school, whether to write books or teach inquirers; but most missionaries in the interior have the work of evangelistic touring, that is, conversing with the people, preaching on the streets and at the markets, selling books and tracts, or while at home receiving callers, or visiting people in their homes. The largest society in China is the China Inland Mission, started by J. Hudson Taylor for the express purpose of distributing missionaries, male and female, married and unmarried, throughout all the interior provinces. The Society has missionaries in eleven provinces, only three of which are coast provinces. Their main work is evangelistic; and while certain features may be criticised, we must confess that a more zealous and single-minded class could hardly be found.

To live comfortably in the interior, one should learn to adapt himself to circumstances. He should neither feel nor claim that the habits, tastes, and customs of his own land and prior life are indispensable. By seeking to arouse no needless friction—building up no foreign league or foreign church, but aiming to impart righteousness, love, and peace—he will find his own soul filled with hope and calm, and his nerves in no peril of a collapse. Health, cleanliness, and common-sense are not confined to Occidental civilisation.

To one who longs for a quick passage across the

Pacific, the port is most convenient. To one who plans and prays and lives and labours for the good, the salvation, and the liberalising of the Chinese, life in the interior is by no means a trial, a drudgery, or a terror.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MISSIONARY IN CHINESE COSTUME.

IF there is reason for a Chinaman to adopt the American costume when living in America, there is more reason for an American to adopt the Chinese costume when living in China. And yet we will allow exceptions. By the careful consideration of circumstances, and the due comparison of profit and loss, there is reason against adopting the Chinese costume in one of the ports. For one foreigner to wear the Chinese dress while all his foreign associates, not only in the Mission circle but in business, wear the foreign dress, is to add oddity to oddity. Even the Chinese are forced to disapprove, unless the case be a visitor rather than a permanent resident.

We speak, however, of the interior. What is fitting at a port may not be equally fitting in the far distant parts of China, where foreign power and gunpowder supremacy are a fable or a dream. Reason in one set of circumstances may turn to lunacy in another. 'Truth the same the world over,' is no doubt an axiom; but, for adaptation to environment, truth is ever presenting a different likeness. But let us leave

THE LATE REV. W. C. BURNS, ONE OF THE FIRST MISSIONARIES TO ADOPT THE NATIVE COSTUME.

philosophy to the great, while we common folk content ourselves with the unadorned reality.

'And why should a missionary in the interior of China wear the Chinese dress?' Don't frown, my friend, as you ask the question. Grant that not more than six or eight Americans wear the Chinese costume in China, yet remember that English, French, Italian, etc., are also found in China, and that they, more than the pushing Americans, are scattered up and down through every province in the empire. It seems a little curious that the common-sense Americans, who are supposed to be so wonderful in easily fitting into all circumstances, should be so prejudiced against the flowing robes of China; while the conservative, unpliable English should advocate change, progress, and conciliation. The China Inland Mission and the English Baptist Society are the two societies almost entirely confined to the interior, and their representatives, with but few exceptions, wear the Chinese dress. So also the Roman Catholic priests, who plainly have given up all ties in their native land, conform in this particular to the people among whom they dwell. That missionaries in Siam, Japan, or India do not cease to wear their Western costume is no reason for a similar action in China. The Chinese are, of all the Oriental nations, the most proud, and the most determined to maintain their own peculiar ways. When the Christian missionary finds in essential Christianity enough changes to insist on and exemplify, it is not prudence needlessly to arouse prejudice and contempt by urging changes that are more Western than Christian.

Some missionaries adopt the Chinese costume because they estimate it to be cheaper. If one aims at economy alone, the Chinese costume is certainly

eheaper; but if one wishes to eonform to the different grades of soeiety, and at all times dress respeetably, fitting his rank as a seholar and a guest, the question of eeonomy is not so eertain. Still, no doubt, if a foreigner in the interior wore a respeetable foreign dress, he would find it more expensive in the long run than if he had worn the Chinese dress. The latter ehanges with the seasons, while always the same year after year; but the former ehanges with the style, that year after year presents an alteration.

Others wear the dress beeause it is more eonveniently obtained. Foreign tailors are not found all over China, and to send to the eoast for a new suit, a new dress, a new pair of shoes, or a new tip-top bonnet, is not so easy as the mere idealist would faney; but whereever in China, in any plaee of importance, a person needs a new Chinese outfit, the tailor ean be ordered at onee, and proper garments quiekly and properly made. If a person should desire to leave some of his elothes till another year, it is only necessary to find a pawnshop, whieh is established by law and is a respectable institution, and there deposit his garments with good seeurity.

But by far the most important reason is that of eoneiliation, and so to a eertain extent of duty. While the foreigner in foreign eostume will attraet a erowd wherever he stops, whether at shop, house, or temple, the foreigner in Chinese eostume will be in no way ineonvenieneed, and, what is more to the point, will not ineonvenienee others. As the Chinese regard the foreign dress—the short jaeket and tights —as ridieulous, and in no sense respeetable, the foreigner will to that extent suffer a loss. As the foreigner finds plenty of obstaeles merely in his

religion and himself, he hardly needs to add further obstacles by such a trifling matter as dress. He who desires to make acquaintance among the people, by going to their homes rather than by a hooting crowd, may find in the Chinese dress a simple plan for freeing himself from annoyance, as well as his host. Besides, the Chinese dress naturally leads to the adoption of the Chinese etiquette. This also is of great advantage to both parties. The foreigner can thereby check all familiarity, since there is no excuse from being ignorant of Western etiquette; and the Chinaman in turn will be respected according to rules which he himself knows. To promote mutual respect is difficult, but in China it is greatly aided by conformity to a long-established code of politeness. Thus the spirit of peace will be manifested and developed. He who preaches the full Gospel will meet enough of opposition without unnecessarily increasing it by oddity in dress or deficiency in politeness. To be sure, if the Chinese costume is adopted, it should be with a certain amount of taste and decency, and not as a mongrel or a crank. If any improvements are to be made, let the Chinaman first make the discovery, and set the example. Wearing the dress is only a small part of a general policy, viz. conciliation and adaptation, mutual respect and friendliness.

But the objection may arise, 'Is there not a danger of acting the fraud and hypocrite?' We think not, unless one makes special effort to conceal his identity. By carrying out the spirit and motive that first led to the adoption of the Chinese dress, all charges of secret motives will be overcome, and the plain intention to do good and be at peace will be acknowledged.

He who wears a dress-suit at an evening party in

America or Europe honours his host, and shows himself a gentleman to that extent; and he who wears the Chinese dress when a guest in China likewise honours, pleases, and conciliates. 'Be all things to all men,' is an important rule, even in China. That many a missionary has been successful while disregarding such a matter as dress is true; but if we once discuss the question of dress in its bearings upon the critical, self-satisfied people of China, we soon learn that at the bottom of the discussion there are vital principles, and that the end of all is, that we might 'by all means save some.'

CHAPTER XXI.

FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH CHINESE MANDARINS.

THE aim ever kept before me in the city of Chi-nan-fu was to make friends of the Chinese, and thereby, if possible, make some friends of truth and servants of Christ. I sought to recognise the good in Chinese teachings, customs, and religion. I planned for conciliation by the path of conformity. Coming to a large city and a proud people, I wished to remove the prejudice against foreigners and Christianity by adopting as far as possible Chinese ways, dress, and mode of thought.

I first of all fitted up a Chinese guest-room, where Chinese guests might be received in Chinese style, and feel at home without being disrespectful or familiar. I purchased an official costume to be worn on occasions of ceremony, and, more than all, I secured the instruction of an expectant of office, that I might be versed on points of etiquette and expressions of respect.

In about a month I was equipped; and, in accordance with Chinese requirements and good manners, I started forth to pay my respects to the leading officials of the capital, and to inform them of my intended residence

in their midst, and of my hearty desire for their continued peace and prosperity. I sat in my sedan-chair,

A MANDARIN.

with a 'runner' to take my card and announce my business.

First I went to the *yamên*, or official residence of the governor, and waited in my chair till orders should come from above. Soon a man appeared bearing my card, bowed the knee, and said, 'His excellency has too great public business; he gives a salutation of peace.' On we moved to the next *yamên*, that of the provincial treasurer. After a delay, my servant returned with the response, 'His honour has guests.' And forth we went to the residence of the provincial judge, and there the words were, 'Not at home.' Then to the *yamên* of the Taotai, or circuit mandarin, and there, 'Public business.' Then to the prefect, and there, 'Too busy.' Lastly we went to the district magistrate, and lo! 'Not at home.' While proud of no great success, I felt contented, as I had made no mistake in conversing with said mandarins, and had given them full respect by coming to their doors in a sedan to worship their excellencies.

It only remained for them to reciprocate. One day, two days, three days, a week and more, and no great men appeared at my door to return my call of ceremony. Not even did a card come to wish me well. Alas! the poor 'foreign devil' had observed a Chinese code of etiquette, and the high mandarin broke the code to snub the guest. My blood arose, and I pommelled my head to find a brilliant idea. Forth marched this scheme of action: the Taotai is always regarded as bound to attend to the business of foreigners; I would write him a respectful letter, saying I had previously called, and as I had gained no interview my heart was ill at ease, for I had important business. The scheme was a good one. A letter was written and despatched; and a reply came, appointing a day to receive me. My pulse beat faster, and I

began to tremble. I was to stand in the presence of a mandarin for the first time, and the reputation of my country and Church must not thereby suffer any tarnish. For four days I drilled on every little point of ceremony, and developed my theme. And what was my theme and my business? It was to gain official assistance for the erection of a hospital, for which we had the money, but for which we were unable to secure any property. What better object to gain favour and show friendliness?

The day came, and once more I went forth in my sedan, dressed in high style. The *yamên* was reached; the card was taken in; a little delay, and then the summons to enter. The chair was lowered, and I stepped forth. As I walked ahead I saw a man holding my large red card above him. I shook down over my hands the fur cuffs of my gown, and, with amazing dignity, followed my guide through a gateway. Soon I saw farther on an official, who waited to accompany me to the guest-room or reception-hall. Not a word was spoken, and I stepped politely ahead and entered the room. Each to each bowed to the ground in Chinese style; the first word was then spoken, and the guest took his seat. As I looked at the mandarin I failed to recognise him as the man previously described to me as the Taotai. I thought however, I must be mistaken, and so addressed him as 'great man'—'his honour.' His first sentence was, 'What public business?' This seemed to me a very uncermonious way of receiving a stranger, and my heart sank ten degrees. Still I boldly stated my business, and asked for assistance in our undertaking to benefit the people. No particular response was given of a friendly nature, and I was about preparing

ENTRANCE TO A YAMÊN.

to leave, when another mandarin entered, and, after salutation, took a seat below the other. I also, by request, stated to him my business; and then very soon a third mandarin appeared, and this time I recognised the Taotai. For a third time I stated the business, my vocabulary receiving thereby a severe shock as to its scope and beauty. From him I received a kind response, when lo! a fourth mandarin appeared, saluted me, and sat immediately below the Taotai and above the other two. There, arrayed opposite to me, were four Chinese mandarins, and my hopes at once arose, and my heart went up twenty degrees. They all, and especially the Taotai, expressed approval of the hospital scheme, and promise was given to petition the governor in regard to the matter. After chatting for some time I departed.

My expectations were great. Never before in China had I felt happier. We were actually to be aided in founding a hospital. I could have sung, if my official garments and grand circumstances had not forbidden. I preserved my dignity, and smothered my hallelujahs.

Thus ended my first attempt at reaching the mandarins. As to the hospital, nothing of import resulted, except a reply from the governor, approving of the beneficent idea of the hospital, but giving no assistance or promise, save one of protection, if we ourselves should purchase property for the purpose indicated. An experiment, an experience, a little romance, a story to tell,—this is the benefit that still abides!

CHAPTER XXII.

NEAR DEATH'S DOOR IN A HEATHEN LAND.

IT was toward the close of the summer in the year 1882. The days were still those of sultry heat; the sun, shining throughout the day in scorching rays, was succeeded by all the alarming suddenness of cool nights; and illness, with exhaustion and tremor, with watching and care, came 'as a thief in the night.' The ones to suffer, and to learn by suffering, were the members of the English Baptist Mission in the city of Ch'ing-chow-fu, some seven days' journey from the port of Chefoo.

First to be laid low was Mrs. Jones, young and delicate, and not long a bride. The physician in the Mission, Dr. Kitts, had not yet got control of the case when a letter came from the oldest member of the Mission, Rev. Timothy Richard, at Chi-nan-fu, one hundred and twenty miles away, telling how he was suddenly attacked with dysentery, living in a Chinese inn with no foreign friend to care for him. By consultation, and with all the nobleness of helpfulness and with a strong affection for the absent brother, directions

were given for the emergeneies of the ease in hand, and Dr. Kitts hastened away. Through the day and all through the night he rode his horse, and then exehanged him for animals on the way. A messenger meets him, bringing the news, 'Better.' With heart somewhat at ease, the journey was resumed. A few hours later eame another messenger, travelling at his utmost speed. In his hand he held a erumpled note, and on it were traeed the wavering lines: 'Farewell, my dear brethren; bury me at Ch'ing-ehow-fu. A few words will be found in my note-book.'

When the sad news reaehed the friends at Ch'ing-ehow-fu, both natives and foreigners, Christian and heathen, burst into tears; for Mr. Riehard was a man most deeply loved and respeeted. Immediately the desire arose to render further help, or at least honour, if death should prove inevitable. Knowing that Rev. Mr. Jones had better remain with his wife, and that the journey would be too severe for Mrs. Kitts, the only other person in the little eompany—one who had been in the eountry only about a year, the Rev. Mr. Whiteright—hurriedly folded up his bundle of elothes, and after all had knelt in prayer he took his seat in a eart, and started off, whether to the dying or the dead he knew not. It was near midnight as he started; the lantern was fastened to the vehiele; the driver lifted his whip; an anxious heart went forth to help, and other anxious hearts were left behind to wonder and fear, to mourn and to pray. One who had toiled so earnestly and perseveringly in establishing a Christian Church among the Chinese; one who had saved the lives of thousands in the famine-time, and whose sympathetie heart was always made sore by sights of

distress; one who had commanded the respect of the higher classes with as much success as any missionary of modern times; one whose plans were directed to many a year of usefulness in the future, and whose adaptability was growing more intense as well as more wise and circumspect—was, alas, perhaps even now breathing his last!

CHINESE CART.

Over the rough road the cart went, with an anxious and sad man inside. In thirty-seven hours—a wonderful speed for China—the journey was completed. Entering the inn, the sick man was found to be much better, while the physician watched by his side. The busy city was made busier by thousands of scholars,

who had come to the large triennial examination for the Master's Degree. The streets and courts were often drenched by the heavy summer showers, and then, sinking into slime and heated by the hot rays of the sun, breathed forth the breath of pestilence and death. Finding more comfortable quarters in the house of an American missionary who was absent from the city, the trio began to feel new life and new hope.

In two days, however, after frequent loss of sleep and appetite, the physician himself was likewise attacked with dysentery. Hardly able to move, and threatened with a fever that a year before had nearly brought his life to an end, his case seemed as critical as the other. While he was growing worse, the third man was attacked with dysentery also. Almost indifferent to the fate of the others, each man laid himself down in the one room, unable to care for another, and as little for oneself. Two messengers were despatched at once—one to the nearest physician and one to Mrs. Kitts. When Mrs. Kitts received the fearful intelligence, she too started forth in the hot sun; travelled without rest, weary and lonely; passed through flooded fields and hostile towns; and at last, when hours had been lengthened by an excited imagination and trembling heart, she reached the busy city and the room of the prostrate ones.

But, thanks to a kind Providence, disease had been checked, and hope once more revived. Cheerfulness again dwelt in all hearts, and the gentle care and tender words of woman caused the smile to appear and gave strength to the body. In a few days they all returned to their home, to salute the remaining

two, the Rev. Mr. Jones and his wife, and to rejoice together over the release from danger and the restoration to health. It seemed as if God had performed in their midst a miracle, and had meant to teach some wonderful lesson.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISSIONARY WORK AMID THE MEMORIES OF CHINA'S SAGES.

THE important region of the province of Shan-tung, where Confucius, Mencius, and their disciples lived, taught, and died, and where temples are now raised to their honour, has been for the most part neglected by the missionary. It has been assumed that Confucianism is harder to overcome than idolatry; and the assumption is sound. Should we, therefore, keep shy of our strong antagonist?

The region of the sages comprises two prefectures, Yenchow-fu and Chi-ning-chow—the former having ten counties and the latter four. In the spring and autumn of 1886 I visited a portion of this region, to prepare the way for a peaceful prosecution of missionary labours. Knowing the difficulty of the work and the prejudices of the people, I determined as far as possible, by costume, custom, and sentiment, to conform to as well as approve of the ideas and ways of the people I visited. Knowing that the power rested in the hands of the upper and ruling classes, I determined at the outset to cultivate their friendship and secure

some of their favour. The officials, gentry, and masses should alike be recognised, though difficulties may exist more with one class than another. It is hard to commend our religion to the proud Chinaman, and it is, if anything, harder to commend ourselves. By a certain class the foreigner is more abhorred than his religion, and many a native Christian has been persecuted more for his connection with the foreigner than 'for righteousness' sake.' 'It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom they come.'

Let us visit together a few of these cities, and see how we may be treated.

In the city of Ning-yang, situated on the main road, and accustomed to the sight of foreigners, I was for the most part ignored. A few schoolmasters and storekeepers conversed on geography, astronomy, and foreign machinery, but appeared uncomfortable at the mention of religious topics. In the open court of the chief temple I sold a few books, but my revenue could hardly suffice for a cup of tea. In trying to gain an interview with the district magistrate he at first excused himself, but when he learned that my dress and etiquette were Chinese he granted me leave to pay my respects. Having established relations in the spring, it was easier in the autumn. He treated me well as a guest, but evidently was not an 'anxious inquirer.' Still, if we fail to make a convert of a mandarin, let us at least try to make him a friend. If he will not accept regeneration, let him be imbued with toleration.

Wen-shang is a district where Roman Catholics have established themselves in some of the villages. My need, therefore, was to explain the distinction between Roman Catholics and Protestants. For

several days I was kept busy in receiving guests at the inn, many of whom were inclined to talk on religious questions and examine the books which I had brought. In the autumn visit I entered the city the day after the departure of the Roman Catholic bishop, a zealous and aggressive Bohemian. Though we both wore the official costume in calling on the magistrate, he claimed that he was of the very highest rank and button and, so, superior to the Chinese on whom he called. My own aim was to establish friendship rather than claim authority. He came to the city to settle riots, and I entered with no request, demand, or threat. The advantage was certainly all on my side, or on the side of my religion.

Chi-ning-chow is the second largest city in the province. For upwards of ten years we have rented property there, and at present have a small house, the front of which can be used as a street-chapel. In my spring trip my helper and I preached each day to the people from ten till four o'clock. As to inquirers there were a few, as to the *plebs* there was a plenty, as to the *literati* there were none, and as to the mandarin of the district and prefecture he was at first opposed to making the acquaintance of a foreigner, but at last yielded so far as to grant an interview, return the call, and send a feast.

Chow-hsien is the city of Mencius. On both visits I was well received by every class—official, teacher, storekeeper, priest, farmer, and retired gentleman. The chief descendant of Mencius was a great opium-smoker, and so I only saw other members of his family. It is one thing to accept the foreigner's opium, and another the foreigner's religion. One evening I went to make a call on a friend, and there I found a strong Con-

fucianist, a Taoist priest, and a small military official, while in the midst was the opium-pipe. I discoursed to them of duty, virtue, and heaven; but the opium had more of a hold than my fine sayings or true teachings.

Chü-fu is the quiet city of Confucius, about half of which was the estate of the family. The official here was unusually kind and respectful. He ordered the various constables to keep the peace, and instructed my innkeeper to remember that I was a guest from afar, and must have everything comfortable and pleasant. In the spring I received a great many callers; but in the autumn, owing to certain rumours, which had come from an adjoining city, all friends were frightened away, and my efforts seemed useless, except to keep the friendship and sympathy of the official.

The city of Yenchow-fu is an important one, and jealous of all intrusion. In the spring I was unusually well received, but on my visit in the autumn I found certain anonymous placards posted up throughout the city, saying that the foreigner was there to build a church and to deceive the people. I soon learned that the main cause of this was a previous visit of the Roman Catholic bishop, who came to search for property. This being the most important centre of his circuit, he was anxious to make it his headquarters. On my arrival I sent my cards to the different officials of this important place, for the purpose of explaining my own intentions and avoiding trouble. No interview, however, was granted. New placards were issued, evidently directed against me, it being supposed that I too was intending to purchase property. My life was threatened, and the people were aroused to enmity against the foreigner. A part of this time I was absent; but on my return, seeing the situation, I sent my pass-

port to the officials. Still nothing was done, and no protection rendered. I immediately left for Chi-ning-chow, and from there sent a telegram to the American consul at Tientsin, who advised me to petition the governor. I sent a short petition by telegram, but for several days received no reply. I soon had to leave for our annual mission-meeting, and on my arrival there found a telegram awaiting me from the governor, saying that he had ordered the local officials to settle satisfactorily all difficulties. On my return to the provincial capital, I secured, after considerable planning, an interview with the governor. He gave a certain amount of assurance of protection for the future, and received the petition I had prepared on the case.

From this account the difficulties of our work in China may be seen. Obstacles beset us on every side. We are, in fact, only at the beginning, and mighty problems still remain.[1]

[1] In the spring of 1887 I again visited this same region. I found everything encouraging, except in the city of Yenchow-fu. The officials still granted no interviews, and new placards were issued against the Roman Catholics. Later on the Roman Catholic bishop purchased some property, which resulted in riots. He also purchased some property in Chi-ning-chow, which also resulted in a riot. We were compelled, for the sake of peace, to give up our rental in consequence. The bishop took his case to Peking, and found more or less of difficulty in securing any sort of redress. The value of the plan I adopted has been largely injured, owing to the general feeling of hostility that has been created.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MISSIONARY'S FIRST VISIT TO A CHINESE GOVERNOR.

ONE of the most difficult things in China is to secure recognition from the mandarin. The higher the rank and the greater the power, the more unwillingly will he grant an interview. Ministers plenipotentiary are hardly recognised as equals, and for them to be respectfully received by the emperor himself would be a sign of unparalleled favour. Consuls, even, have been refused a personal interview by high provincial authorities. Seclusion is still strong in China, though more and more yielding to the broad, progressive spirit of Western powers.

If Chinese officials of high rank grant an audience to foreigners, it will be done most easily first to ministers and ambassadors, then consuls, then heads of syndicates, then Roman Catholic bishops, then merchants, and last of all to Protestant missionaries. The last have for the most part sought no influence with the officials of China, unless under the pressure of important business, such as personal protection or the settlement of cases of grievous persecution. Such visits could hardly be regarded as visits of ceremony, or of any social nature whatever; neither do they

appear as personal visits, for generally aid has first been rendered by the proper representatives of one's own Government. It is one thing to secure recognition because appearing under the wing of a foreign official, and quite another and more difficult matter to make really a personal call, and be granted a personal favour. So far as I know, only three or four Protestant missionaries have secured interviews with provincial governors or viceroys, unless acting in the capacity of interpreter or consul. The difficulties to be met are hardly appreciated, except by those conversant with the prevailing Chinese sentiment.

From the time the governor, Chang Yao, assumed power in the province of Shan-tung, in the summer of 1886, it became my purpose to secure an interview, if possible; and this not from any assumption of foreign official rank, or from any aid from a foreign power, but entirely in accordance with Chinese usage and propriety.

Shortly after his arrival in the capital, I went in person to pay my respects to his excellency. Though not securing an audience, I was favoured with a return card, which in Chinese eyes was a polite recognition from a high mandarin in office, and gave encouragement for the future. Later on I prepared a little account in Chinese of our Western methods of controlling rivers, which I sent him, as an aid to his management of the Yellow River. I received a respectful reply, with copies of his memorials to the throne. Besides this, I had previously had correspondence with him in regard to protection in a certain city which I had visited. Thus I had two subjects for conversation and two matters of business. Desirous of completing my work of preparation, I sent the

governor a few books and a scroll of foreign pictures mounted in Chinese fashion. While doing this I had to avoid the appearance of a formal gift, which might possibly have necessitated their rejection, and on the other hand the gift must needs be sufficiently respectful and desirable. At the most, this was only an

COURTYARD OF MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

experiment for feeling my way along. Much to my joy, the gifts were accepted, and a subordinate was sent to express the governor's thanks. The following day I determined to make my trial, and the ins and outs seemed about equal.

In proper Chinese costume I went to the governor's

official residence, and stated my business to be two things—the Yellow River and a Church matter. From early morn till sundown visitors were seeking admittance, most of whom were politely excused. It was to be feared that my unofficial request would meet with a similar fatality, but a kind Providence knew the prayer of my heart, and saw the desirability of the act. Finally I was 'asked up higher,' by being invited within. I was met in the open court by a special officer, who assists the governor in managing public business, and who has been associated with the governor for over ten years. He conducted me to one of the reception-rooms, and entertained me till the governor himself appeared. Over three hours had been spent in these preliminaries. On the appearance of the august gentleman I arose, and in Chinese fashion we bowed to each other. Being seated, the governor first thanked me for the document I had previously sent him, and then stated the different obstacles he had to encounter in the control of the Yellow River. He then referred to the topic concerning which we had previously corresponded by telegram, and I arose and handed to him the petition on the question. Reading it, he said if the local authorities perfectly understood the matter the trouble might be avoided. My own remarks were few, as becoming one in the presence of august greatness. We sipped our tea, and arose. Saluting each other in true style, he then accompanied me through the first court, from which I was further conducted by subordinate officials to the large entrance without.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SACRED MOUNTAIN IN CHINA.

IT was the early spring of 1887 when I visited the city of T'ai-an-fu, which lies at the base of the sacred mountain of T'ai-shan—'the Great Mountain.' This mountain is one of the five sacred mountains of China, which received the worship of ancient emperors. No mountain is more renowned as a place for worship than this one, situated in the western part of the province of Shan-tung, and only some sixty miles from the birthplace of Confucius—another important centre of religious adoration.

Some four thousand years ago an ancient ruler, Shuin, whose teachings were largely absorbed by the sage Confucius, came to the mountain of T'ai-shan and sacrificed to Heaven. Before the Lord descended in majestic glory on Mount Sinai, and imparted to the sage Moses the world-embracing Decalogue, there was a seeking of help and a spirit of reverential adoration arising from the heart of an ancient sage of China. Where in all the world is there a more historical mountain, made sacred by the lofty worship of ancient days? Let us uncover our heads as we approach; for

here, too, God must have made Himself known, as men listened to the voice of conscience, and saw the grandeur of Nature, and here knelt down in holy adoration.

But, alas, the spirit of the ancient fathers has departed, and to-day the mountain and the city are wholly given to idolatry, and the 'glory of the incorruptible God' has been changed into images 'made like to corruptible man.' To preach the Gospel here is to destroy the merchandise of the people, and to tell of a living God is to malign the gods whom they adore, and to turn the world upside down. On the summit of the mountain, occupying a conspicuous position, with a magnificent panorama spread out on every side, is the leading temple, in which is an image representing the spirit of the mountain—a goddess as reverently worshipped as was Diana of the Ephesians. Before this image, dividing the main compartment, are bars, through which the infatuated people cast in their cash, hoping for every conceivable blessing. In a little room to the side the goddess is represented as asleep, and cash is placed on the eyelids, nose, mouth, or other portions of the body—all showing an indefinite superstition, at the basis of which is a want. The main hall of this temple is the most attractive of all the temples on the mountain. The tiles of the roof weigh some thirty pounds apiece, and the whole material has been brought up from the plain below. As a temple, however, there are countless in China far superior, but few which can command more sincere worship. For the first four months of each Chinese year multitudes of pilgrims of all classes and sections of the country wend their way to this sacred mountain to bow before the guardian spirit, and then go away

in peace. Near to the leading temple is a tablet which was erected by the famous Emperor K'ang-tsi, who during his reign took a journey through the country, and visited this sacred place. Not far away is another tablet, called the 'unlettered tablet,' supposed to have been erected over two thousand years ago by the emperor who built the Great Wall and burned the Chinese literature, the first emperor of China. The tablet is of solid granite, eighteen feet high and four feet by two, and on it is carved only one letter, that meaning 'ruler.' Thus it is that the highest in the empire as well as the poorest are attracted to this place, if not in person at least by representatives—men made in the image of God worshipping a spirit of their own imaginations.

Forgetting the darkness of depraved hearts, let us seek to admire the glory of God's created handiwork, and ascend to the summit, that rises upward only some four thousand feet, and means a journey from the city of only some six miles. Not by the steam of railway or the luxury of easy carriage did we ascend the mountain, but by riding on men's shoulders over a narrow stone-way, a large part of which was solid stone stairs, becoming steeper and steeper as the summit is approached.

In the early morning we went out into the court of the inn in the city, ready for our little excursion. There I saw two or three small pieces of board, about a foot and a half long, through which passed cords and straps. How this conglomeration could be transformed into a comfortable chair did not take long to disclose. Two men stood by, one behind and one in front. The one behind lifted up a strap, and I at once saw a place for a seat. Sitting down, the one in front lifted up

another strap, and the two then slinging the straps across their shoulders, started on a half-run out of the inn and down the street, past a temple dedicated to the spirit of the mountain, out through the city gate, across the plain shaded by cypress trees, and on and up the side of the mountain. Ere we had crossed the plain of a mile or two, the men had begun to take a slow, measured gait, slinging the strap now over one shoulder and then over the other, thus giving the rider a good chance to take different views of the scenery, while at the same time easing the carriers. This was the method for the most part while ascending, but on descending the men came down the stone stairway with a run, giving the excursionist an exhilaration that even the grandeur of the scenery could not impart! There was strength, agility, and science in the achievements of these coolies, whose wages for the day were less than a dollar for the foreigner, and still less for a Chinaman.

Another striking yet sad peculiarity was the sight of beggars crowding on every side, now coming forth from holes in the rocks, now from plain mud sheds—the old and the young crying for a cash (a tenth of a cent), and stirring in the breast of a stranger a feeling of compassion. Being somewhat hardened by my contact with the heathen, as well as somewhat more crafty, I told them to wait till I came down the hill; and, coming down, I had several ways of neglecting my promise, one the absence of the same parties, and another the speed that we made forbidding an itemised method of liberality. Owing to this, I managed to keep free from bankruptcy. My conscience did not trouble me much, for I knew that most of the beggars were from the neighbourhood, who had homes

of their own (after a fashion), and were abundantly able to work, and eat their own bread.

The scenery grand and picturesque, the memories august and inspiring, the worshippers many and sincere, Nature pointing to God, and man forgetting Him,—this is the story of the mountain trip. Through a gully that winds its way zig-zag while winding upwards, with rocks looking down in solemn stillness, and here and there trees to shade the path, while the clouds rolled past and over, as if unheeding the glory beneath, we moved leisurely along, now up and now down, but at last up to the very top, and there, from the temple court, did we gaze at the panorama of peaks and plains, valleys and rivers, city and country hamlets. And here, on the summit of the sacred mountain, one asks the question, 'If all Nature praises God, why should not man?' And to answer this question aright, the missionary has come to point to the perfect Man, and so to the perfect God.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT TRANSLATION INTO CHINESE.

I HAD been in China some four years and a half, and was living in a provincial capital, the city of Chi-nan-fu. An English surveyor and civil engineer had been engaged by the governor to make a survey and inspection of a section of the Grand Canal that passes through the province of Shan-tung. He had come with a native interpreter, but after some three months of trial the man had proved incapable. The Englishman returned to the city, after the completion of his task, to report to the governor. It was desirable to send a written report to the governor prior to a personal interview. The English copy was made, but this was unintelligible to the mandarin. The Englishman, furthermore, was unskilled in the Chinese language. His interpreter was incompetent. The accompanying Chinese officials were anxious to hurry up the work, as the governor was demanding a copy of the report, notwithstanding all impossibilities. Being a friend of the Englishman, I one day remarked that if I could do anything to

help I would be willing to render the help. This offer was seized by the anxious engineer, and he asked leave to mention my name to the governor for translating the report for 100 taels, or about twenty-eight pounds. I consented, and my doom was sealed.

In two days the reply came, granting me the right to undertake the task. When the consent came my doubts and fears began. Would my translation prove sufficiently literal for the Englishman and classical for the mandarin? Would some skilled interpreter at the coast see the result, and mercilessly criticise it? With these questionings of a trembling heart I recalled the advantages to be derived. I would help the Englishman out of a dilemma; I would save the minor officials from the wrath of their superior; I would be learning Chinese; I would be helping the hospital-fund of our Mission by a hundred taels; but more than all, I would once more gain the notice of the governor, and perhaps gain a slight countenance—a very important thing, as just at that time I had sent him a petition about the settlement of certain riots. At least I was willing to take the risk, and afterwards reckon up the *pros* and *cons*.

I immediately took up the report. Alas, it was thirty-three pages of foolscap paper. I began to read, but the penmanship here and there needed interpreting into clearer English. I returned to my home, and began at once by myself to put the first few pages into Chinese. The shadows deepened; my fears increased; my head as well as heart throbbed. Till eleven o'clock at night I worked, and then retired to

much sleeplessness and little rest. In two days a competent native teacher was secured for me, and my work became easier. Still, the governor was hastening the work, and my first attempt really needed time and thought and careful correction. The English sentences were many of them prolix, and some in addition needed explanation. Many technical terms were found, like 'galvanic battery,' 'compressed air,' 'datum-line,' 'levels,' and 'valves.' Here it was in the midst of summer, when my colleagues were all out of the city resting, and with hearts at ease, while I was toiling by 'the sweat of my brow.' In a week's time the translation was made, but it needed perusal and improvement. The governor, however, was still pestering the minor officials; and so, after a few corrections by themselves and the teacher, it was copied and sent to his excellency.

In a few days the Englishman received an appointment to an audience. I was asked to accompany him. I consented, if I went as a friend, and not in the capacity of an interpreter, which is reckoned as an inferior rank. All this was satisfactorily settled, and we all went to the governor's *yamên*. Much to my joy, there was no difficult interpreting. The governor of his own accord referred to the riots that had arisen, and showed the greatest interest in the work of the Mission. Other matters besides that of the Englishman's survey were considered, and our worldly friend sat by in silence. For once the missionary and so-called 'merchant' sat side by side, helping one another in the development of China. Men of different nationalities appeared as friends even in matters of

business. Pleased by the respect that was shown, and knowing the salutary effect this call would have on all who would hear of it, I felt at the last thankful; and when the money came my work was done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A STORY OF RIOTS.

THE city of Chi-nan-fu, being a provincial capital, is necessarily the head of official influence throughout the province. The highest provincial authorities are governor, treasurer, judge, chancellor, and salt commissioner—all resident at the capital. The province is divided into three circuits, over each one being stationed a Taotai, one of whom resides at the capital. The province is next divided into ten prefectures and ninety-six districts, with the respective officials, prefect, and magistrate, one of each being located at the capital. So much for officialdom.

The capital, with a population of some 200,000, consists of the city proper, around the wall of which there are east, south and west suburbs, likewise surrounded by a wall. The population here, as elsewhere in China, consists of officials, resident gentry, who for the most part are retired officials, the *literati*, who possess only a literary degree, and the masses. So much for the conditions.

In the year 1871 the city was first occupied as a Protestant mission station by the Rev. Mr. M'Ilvaine,

of the American Presbyterian Mission. Up to the time of his death in 1881, all property had been held by rental, but at that time property was purchased on the main street for a preaching-hall. This act raised a riot, resulting in the sealing of the door by the officials, and a reference of the case to the United States Minister and the Chinese Foreign Office. After two years of deliberation and delay the Secretary of Legation came in person to the capital, and, by conference and compromise, secured a transfer of property with requisite compensation in money. Having thereby some £600 on hand, the station has been desirous of using it in the purchase of property for a hospital. At the close of 1885, after a conference with the Taotai, prefect, and magistrate, promise was secured from the governor to protect us in the purchase of property for such purposes in the suburbs. As a trial step, a small house in the east suburb was secured for a free school at the beginning of 1887. The hold on the property was one of lease or mortgage, in which the amount of money paid over was nearly the same as in case of purchase. The deed had a clause fixing the term of years as three, and also another one indicating possible redemption within that period. So much for data.

Now for the story. About noon of the last day of April 1887, while preaching on 'Peace' at a Gospel tent erected at an annual fair, a note came from my colleague, the Rev. Mr. Chalfant, saying that a mob was assembling in the south suburb, to attack a small house lately purchased by one of our native helpers. This riot was instigated and led on by the gentry, *literati*, and head men of the south suburb. Having previously been informed of the probability of such a

riot, I immediately postponed my sermon, and prepared for action. I at once reported the case to the Taotai, and asked for prompt attention. Before persons were sent, our helper had relinquished his deed to the former owner, and the riot subsided.

On May 2, Dr. Coltman and myself had a lengthy conference with the Taotai and three other officials. The Taotai strangely said that no guarantee could be given of protecting the native Christians, but that the foreigners need have no fear for themselves. As we had been informed that a riot would next attack our schoolhouse, we decided to lay emphasis on our own future protection. After some argument, the Taotai ordered the magistrate to see that no riots should again occur, and also requested me to inform the said official of the exact location of the property and the parties concerned in the lease. It is needless to say that my part was well done.

On May 5, two of the schoolboys excitedly came to inform me that a riot was gathering, and that some men had already entered the schoolhouse. I went this time in person to the scene of action, and also sent my card to the magistrate, asking for protection. Arriving at the school, all was quiet. The rioters, under the lead of the head men of the east suburb, had carried off the landlord and go-between, and had threatened them with another riot unless the property should be redeemed in half a month.

The following day I handed to the magistrate the names of the leaders of the riot, and secured another promise of protection—for ourselves, homes, chapel, school, landlord, and middle-man.

For several days I took up my residence at the school, as there were rumours of another riot. A proclamation

was issued by the magistrate, and speeial orders were given to the loeal eonstables to keep a sharp inspeetion.

On the morning of May 19, as half a month was up, another riot began to assemble. Being previously advised of the danger, I had already reported it to the Taotai, who in turn referred it to the governor. The result was that striet orders were issued to the magistrate, and by the time the rioters began to assemble at a temple he went forth to restrain them, aeeompanied by a joint magistrate and two hundred followers. Arriving at the plaee of rendezvous, there was found a erowd of over three hundred. The officials, knowing no way to disperse the rioters, summoned the landlord, and, in the presenee of the hooting mob, examined him as to the nature of the deed, and finally, as a balm to these disturbers of peaee, ordered him to redeem his property in half a month. The officials then sent their eards to me at the sehool-house, saying they had suppressed the riot, and had consulted with the head men, who said the property must be redeemed. I sent baek my thanks, and added, 'If the head men say the property must be redeemed, I say it must *not* be redeemed.'

On May 21, the Taotai invited me to an interview with himself and four subordinates. The deed was the topie of diseussion, and finally a eopy of it was given them. I also prepared for the governor and Taotai a petition, showing the meaning of the deed and our legal right to possession. The governor appointed deputies to mediate, and the only one of the gentry in the east suburb likewise exerted himself to quell all further disturbanee. After several weeks of eonsideration of plans, the deeision was reaehed that

we need be in no haste to give up our possession of the property, but could first purchase satisfactorily other property. A stronger promise than before was given to protect, suppress riots, stamp deeds, and assist in pacifying the people. The governor throughout the whole matter has acted with vigour, and with a certain amount of justice. His friendship has been the main assistance. He, with the other officials, has promised to subscribe to our hospital-fund, but we await the future for real results. Thus the gloomy transforms itself into the pleasing, and, by the aid of 'the powers that be,' we hope for peace and goodwill.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PROGRESSIVE CHINA.

IN the year 1887 China took a step in advance. It seems like a giant's stride. The strong conservative spirit of the centuries is changing with a broad look at the future. Demands and dangers dawn upon the statesman's vision, and he arouses himself and prepares for action. China must protect herself from rivals as well as foes; and not only by gunboats, arsenals, military prowess, cannons, torpedoes, and a martial spirit, but by education. Education, moreover, must reach beyond the routine of China's classics and mere essay-writing, and embrace the learning and experience of the West. So thinks the Chinese Government of to-day.

One memorial to the throne says, 'It is high time that some plan should be devised for infusing new strength into the Government of China.' Yes, the demand is imperative. Russia presses down upon her from the north, England and France from the south and sea, Japan more and more from the east, and Germany and the United States by the complications of mighty syndicates, if nothing else. Who is the

friend wise in counsel, true of heart, courageous and yet cautious, to help to guide the nation in her ever-increasing dangers? That friend must come from among the people of the land itself, and be one who knows the world as well as China.

Several years ago an Imperial College was started, under the shadow of the Chinese Foreign Office, to study Western languages and sciences. It was placed under the charge of the Rev. Dr. William P. Martin, a man of broad culture and upright character. The institution has moved along with no marked signs of recognition or success; but in waiting for more favourable opportunities, inevitable in the future, there has been shown patience, prudence, faith. Already Dr. Martin has proved a valuable adviser of the Government, and now his wishes, so long frustrated, may be grandly fulfilled.

The proposition is to introduce mathematics, astronomy, and kindred studies into the provincial and metropolitan examinations. While the usual Chinese regulations and topics are to be maintained, new life is to be breathed into the system, and new lines to be marked out for the youthful ambitions of the *literati* of China. The young aspirants are to be examined 'in the following subjects,' says the memorial of the Board of Foreign Affairs: 'philosophy, mathematics, mechanics, engineering, naval and military tactics, marine artillery, torpedoes, international law, and history.'

In this outline there is no reference to those studies that form a classical education, and that in the West are deemed all-important in a well-regulated university. The philosophy mentioned is evidently natural philosophy, not mental or moral philosophy. In this we

see a defect, though the tendeney of the Chinese Government is only that of the new generation of thinkers in the West, viz. a eraze for seienee, and an ignoring of the mind. We do not, however, regard this so much as the natural bent of Chinese thought, as an impression the Chinese have reeeived that in the West all true education is mere seienee, or rather *material* science. In the Chinese classies, ethics and politics and psychology all have a deep root, and it is to be hoped that the Chinese may soon learn that Western prosperity is other than material power, and Western education other than material knowledge.

It should also be understood that the spirit of the progressive Chinese, while favouring Western knowledge, is still deeply jealous of Chinese eontrol and Chinese customs. China, though modified and revived, is still to be China. There is to be no aeeeptanee of Western ways, dress, and sentiment, as seems to be eonspieuous in Japan. Therefore he who comes to teaeh China with the favour of the Chinese need not think that Chinese education and thought are to be eliminated, and that the West is to be meekly eonsidered as the superior of China. In China there are men of clearest intellectual aeumen, made so by the Chinese eourse of training, and the foreigner, in eoming to teaeh, must not come to disparage, destroy, and antagonise.

Here eomes a eall, loud and praetieal and soul-inspiring, to the Christian people of England and America. Let all learn from the history of Japan, and seek to give in China a religious direction to the new progress. The opportunity is enlarging. Who will seize it, and so help save this mighty empire? Let Christian men of education not faney that the only way to carry out the missionary spirit is to be a

missionary in the pay of the Church, or necessarily employed in teaching the Gospel story of Christianity. Christianity is as broad as truth, and means that are subordinate are not to be rejected because they are not supreme. One way to teach and help on Christianity is the defensive—keep out error. One way is the *life* as well as the word. Imagine educated men coming to China under the fullest sanction of the Chinese Government, representing Western education, but by immoral lives *not* representing Christian morality. Let us guard wisely the future. Let us give that help that China needs—an education that means *purifying*.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MISSION WORK IN THE CITIES OF CHINA.

IN the southern part of China missionaries have not only been located in the cities, but have here concentrated a large portion of their work. In some parts of North China the chief work has been country touring, with a particular attention to the agricultural classes. It is the experience of missionaries all over China that mission work in the city is more difficult than in the country. It is also less productive of immediate results. Missionary societies desirous of striking statistics naturally favour the work that brings the most speedy success.

We, however, who are on the field, in the very midst of the work, are careful that we yield not too much to the temptation of glory, and so neglect the work that is important though difficult. Paris rules France, and London, England; and it is cities like Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans that control the politics and shape the speculations and mould the sentiment of the people of the United States. In China it is still more true that cities rule the country. The heads of Government are stationed in

cities that are graded like the officers themselves. First comes Peking, the head of the nation; then the provincial capitals, then the circuit cities, the prefectural cities, and finally the district cities. To lose a hold of the cities is to lose hold of the nation. But how to get a hold of the cities is the great problem that as yet has not been satisfactorily solved. The possession requires more than mere presence; nay, it is possible for the missionary from a foreign land to be present in a city of China, and for the cause thereby to be none the better. Let us notice some of the difficulties to successful mission-work in the cities.

It is hard for the missionary to remove the dishonour cast upon him and his cause. The preconception of the Chinese toward Christianity, and especially the foreigner, is one more of contempt than respect. As the cities possess more persons of power, rank, and wealth than the country, so the missionary's task to gain respect and influence is so much the harder. Every city has the official class, the gentry, the scholars, the storekeepers, and the commonalty. If the influential classes are arrayed against the foreigners, the city is practically thus arrayed. To gain an influence with the official class is hard, and with the gentry still harder. If these are unreached, the scholars are shy or troublesome, and so the action of one, if a man of influence, bespeaks the action of all. Day schools, street chapels, all fail to reach the influential classes, and, in plain acknowledgment of the difficulty, most missionaries have entirely neglected the upper classes, and have sought for the more susceptible.

By reason of this difficulty, persons disposed towards

religious inquiry hide away from contact with the missionary. The real seekers after truth are thus often unknown to the preacher of Christian truth. In all cities there are many who secretly assent to the truth of Christianity, but are beyond the reach of the Church. Others, believing largely in the truth of Christianity, yet seeing the opposition of the influential, fear there may be a ground for suspicion and doubt. Perhaps, after all, the missionary has some secret plan hid away in his righteous cause, either to subdue China, to overthrow the present dynasty, or stir up insurrections.

All this being the case, it happens that the persons in the cities who approach the missionary, and are willing to be associated with the foreigner, are oftentimes those of doubtful character. Their main purpose is to get aid, to find a position, or to advance self in the estimation of others. A few, with no bad and no good motive, enter the circle, and by the force of circumstances at last become converts. Outsiders, looking at the appearance of such converts, turn away in disgust, not convinced of any existing evil, neither convinced of any unusual virtue or ability. In some cities the majority of the Sunday audience will consist of servants and other employés, and the pupils of the boarding-schools. In the oldest stations persons of the second generation are found, and the Church appears to more advantage. In a few cities the native Church consists of a class of men not to be despised; but for the most part the work in the city has not that vigour or growth seen in the work among the country people. While there are found in all city stations men and women of true worth, evincing the efficacy of the Gospel, yet the difficulties we have noticed are never wholly absent.

He who works for a city, seeking to leave a real impression, affecting the very highest as well as the very lowest, seeking out the honest seeker and making truth to appear truth and error to be error, has a task for a life-time. He might work thus for years, and have no convert; but the general good should always be reckoned as well as particular conversions.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHINESE ATTACK ON AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

DURING the most opportune time that our Mission has ever had in Chi-nan-fu, relying on the clearest of promises made by the different officials, the Mission took a perpetual lease of a small house in the south-east suburb in the month of August 1887. Confiding fully in the truthfulness and assistance of the officials, an interview was at once held with them, and the case brought to their attention. The Taotai ordered the magistrate to examine into the matter, and, if no clandestine transference had been effected, to stamp the deed. On examination no illegality in any form was discovered, the neighbours gave full consent to the transfer of the property to the foreigner, and all indicated a successful management. However, the officials displayed the usual habit of Chinese politics, and three months' time was spent in the accomplishment of dilatoriness and dilly-dallying. The local gentry had also opposed the possession of the said property by the Mission, or by foreigners of any name whatever. Argument after argument had been presented by us to bring to a peaceful termination the complex opposition;

but, in spite of repeated conferences, peace seemed more distant than ever. We had made a legal lease of a property, and yet the officials wavered. They feared the gentry, or pretended to see reason for further delay. Merely relying on the Chinese officials would, we feared, hinder rather than advance our designs. We had for many months, by conciliation and moderation, sought the goodwill of all, but our hopes met a sad collapse in the critical hour. We granted time to make an equitable and satisfactory exchange, but the time was only used for further procrastination. By going to the officials, at their request, we hoped all opposition would be checked, but, instead, their will at the last seemed to be a submission to the will of the gentry, and a refusal to allow us to occupy the house we had legally leased seemed inevitable.

What, then, could we do? Must we be conquered in spite of justice and law? Should the officials after all frustrate our plans, and so instigate opposition in other places against the Church and the missionary? We decided to try one more plan. In accordance with Chinese custom, three months make the period for vacating a house leased, and four months a house purchased. Also, if a person leasing or purchasing a house once stops there over night, he is regarded as being in possession of the house.

Therefore, on November 28 — the last day of the three months — we turned over to the bank account of the landlord the money still due him, informed the officials of our intention, and asked for protection and help in the matter. By agreement, I was to be the person to attempt possession. No one of us feared any trouble, or supposed the Chinese

would dare attack a foreigner. Furthermore, the official, having been informed, was accountable.

After dark I started with my servant and bedding to the house concerned. I reached the place in quietness, but found that the room occupied by the landlord was locked, and none of his family anywhere around. The tenants of the place all came forth and exhorted me to leave; but the idea of leaving a place belonging to us, and for which they were paying no rent, seemed a reversal of right, and consequently I informed them I could not leave that night. In order to calm them, I said I would sleep at the entrance to the street-gate, while they could return each one to his own room.

Soon, however, a crowd began to gather. Ten or a dozen persons forced their way in, and in a very friendly tone exhorted me to return to my home. Their persuasions had no effect on my hardened heart; and I in turn counselled them to return to their own homes, and let each man mind his own business, and avoid any disturbance. My exhortation, however, had no effect. In the midst of all this flow of reason I soon became surrounded by the zealous, upright disputants, and then of a sudden they seized hold of me and attempted to drag me out into the street. I recalled a few college rows I had once experienced, and so used my utmost strength to resist the attack. However, I must confess a dozen Chinamen are superior to one American.

No sooner was I in the street, and loosened from my friends and counsellors, than I again succeeded in entering the premises and taking my position in the inside court. Seeing this, a larger crowd entered; yells and hooting made music in the air; men picked

up clubs and brickbats; and others, with renewed ardour, once more ejected me from the house; and then, in enthusiastic excitement, other peacemakers and counsellors stepped forth, and, picking up a few stones, hurled them at me, some taking the desired effect. Seeing my situation, I retreated down the street, but after a few steps I fell to the ground. Attempting to arise, I was knocked down, and with every additional attempt there was an additional failure. I at last became exhausted, and so lay myself down, panting and half-unconscious. The crowd did nothing more but revile and make merry. I looked around for a sight of an official or attendant, but there was none. After nearly an hour's time a constable came and helped me away. The officials were informed by my colleagues, but did nothing. The next morning I arrived home in a chair, having passed a sleepless night, with back and head aching to the full. There I passed my birthday, with at least sympathetic colleagues.

The plan proved a failure, but it brought the case 'to a head.' The next step was to report all particulars to the United States Minister, and for him to render prompt and much-needed assistance.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DEATH OF DR. MACKENZIE.

NEVER has the solemnity of life, as intensified by death, so impressed me as since my arrival in China. Away from home makes home events more striking. In nearly every mail there comes the announcement of some prominent person passing away. Such news must needs make the thoughtful to think the more. Life assumes the drapery of tragedy rather than the garb of comedy. They die around us and are buried in our very sight, and this is so everywhere. Going to new scenes, how strange the feeling when one after another, right on the other side of the globe, leave their toil and go into that region that none of us here have entered. Even youth, with its vivacity and sportiveness, pauses in the presence of death, and often sheds more tears of sorrow then and there than the aged, with experience and sobriety.

Great men die, and we miss them because we admired them; good men die, and we miss them because we loved them.

On the last Sunday of March 1888, on coming out of the little foreign chapel in the city of Tientsin,

I was first of all kindly accosted by the ever-genial missionary, Dr. J. Kenneth Mackenzie. A week later, on the first day of April, on a quiet Easter morn, our friend had gone to his rest.

He was a great man and a good man. Men admired him and loved him. His works will follow him long years hence, and his name will be spoken with the quietness of affection.

A young man, only thirty-eight years of age, with a splendid record already made, and many the hopes for the future. But he sickened and died, and kind friends carried him away to burial, mourned by the mighty mandarin and the unkempt beggar, by missionary associate and man of the world, by those who knew him, and by those who only saw his deeds, his mildness, and his goodness.

Converted during the first visit of Mr. Moody to England, he at once began his life of consecration, and ever after, by prayer and trial, by meditation and study, by faith and effort, he continued to grow, until, when he died, he seemed to be ready.

In the spring of 1875 he sailed for China as a medical missionary of the London Missionary Society. As a medical man he was a success, and as a missionary he was the same. He closely followed the example of Christ, and cared for the souls and the bodies of suffering men. We can hardly imagine him to have done better; and yet in all, as he himself would say, it was of grace.

The first part of his career was passed in the busy port of Hankow,—the geographical centre of China,—and the last part, from the year 1879, in the busy port of Tientsin. In both places he has left a commendable record, but in the latter place especially so; for there and then he had grown into a full, ripe

character—the wonder of colder and more selfish hearts.

The first part of Dr. Mackenzie's life in Tientsin was one of discouragement, but faith and prayer; the last part was one of success, of thankful realisation, of faith now strengthened into assurance.

By the leadings of Providence, as no man directs or supposes, shadow is changed into sunlight. So it was with the hospital scheme of Dr. Mackenzie. On the sudden and dangerous illness of Lady Li, the wife of the celebrated official, H. E. Li Hung Chang, Dr. Mackenzie and an American lady physician, Dr. Howard, were summoned to render all possible aid. The aid was given, and Lady Li's life was saved. Ever after these two physicians have remained the friends of the mandarin and his wife, and a way for doing most lasting good has thereby been opened; but more than one has traced it all to special prayer and to the guidance of a kind Providence.

The story of the success of the hospital, built by the contributions of Viceroy Li and other Chinese officials, is now a world-wide one, but ever needing frequent repetition, that our confidence in God may be strengthened.

But at last he died, and the funeral came. And oh! such a funeral. We doubt if the like has ever been seen in China. A foreigner followed to the grave by crowds of mourning Chinese—this surely was a wonderful sight. On his coffin were the tokens of honour once bestowed on him by the Emperor of China; and by the side of the road was many a poor man standing in quiet, solemn sadness, as he saw his friend carried slowly away to the little cemetery. Hundreds of people were there, and they all mourned,

and when they spoke, it was the word of deep respect and hearty praise.

He left a splendid work, but he seemed to leave it ready. In fact, about all his matters there was a sign of preparation, and, young as he was, it seemed as if his call to go home was none too soon and none too late.

Dr. Mackenzie's life did good, and so did his death. Surely the Lord was in it all.

He was a man of prayer, and his religion was a devotional religion. He was a man with many trials, and his life was a tender and emotional one. He loved the Word of God, and so he guided many into the way of truth. He encountered obstacles that man's strength could not remove, and so he learned to trust, and, trusting, he learned the lesson of true blessedness. Of a quick temper, he guarded himself by the weapons of truth and the thought of his Saviour, and made the element of self-control to be tempered by mild, modest humility. He knew no Saviour but Christ, and of Him he never tired to speak. In the sick-room and in the palace, in the hospital, by the roadside, and on board the gunboat and sailing-ship, he continued to witness for Christ, and to urge men to repentance and forgiveness. He was skilful in medicine, studious, industrious, and thorough, but amid all he made religion the chief thing. As he himself wrote in one of his late published articles, 'What we bring them is no lifeless form, but a living personal Saviour, whom it is our privilege to present to the Chinese; and this glorious privilege of representing our Saviour King, and witnessing for *Him*, we *dare not* commit to any second party.' Faithful words of a faithful man!

Thus over the face of the Present lies the thin white

veil of the Beyond. Life is not all tears, neither is it all smiles. 'A little loving and a good deal of sorrowing; some bright hopes and a good deal of disappointment; some gorgeous Thursdays, when the skies are bright and the heavens blue, when Providence, bending over us in blessing, gladdens the heart almost to madness; many dismal Fridays, when the smoke of torment beclouds the mind, and undying sorrows gnaw upon the heart; some high ambitions and many Waterloo defeats, until the heart becomes like the charnel-house, filled with dead affections, embalmed in holy but sorrowful memories; and then the cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken, the individual life—a cloud, a vapour—passeth away.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

A PEEP INTO CHINESE POLITICS.

HAVING gone to Peking in the month of December 1887 for the purpose of securing the aid of the United States Minister in the settlement of certain difficulties at the city of Chi-nan-fu, I was detained there for upwards of four months. The case as presented was mostly one of peaceful possession of certain property and the guarantee of protection. The minister, considering carefully all the facts and circumstances, decided to render us all the aid that was possible to one in his position. He reported the particulars to the high Chinese ministers composing the Chinese Foreign Office, and made of them certain requests particularly agreeing with those that we ourselves had made. The Chinese ministers could not render a decision on the mere representation of a foreign minister, and so referred the case to the governor of the province for a report. After waiting needlessly for upwards of four months, during which time the minister again and again pressed for reply, a reply at last came. In the

main it was most unsatisfactory. The position taken by the local magistrate was adhered to by the governor, and in turn by the higher officials at Peking. Owing to objection on the part of the local gentry, it was advised that the money for the purchase of the property be taken back, and that the foreigners search for another piece. As to the riot, it was reckoned as unimportant. The ringleaders were still neither arrested nor punished. The Chinese ministers, however, granted full right to consult with the local authorities, and promised to instruct the governor to render assistance in devising measures. The United States Minister sent in a counter-statement, insisting that if any exchange of property was made, the local authorities must themselves find the property. He also corrected the errors and insinuations concerning the riot, and emphasised the point of redress for insult and injuries. He also stated that he had requested me to return to Chi-nan-fu to consult with the officials as to a proper settlement, and therefore he would ask that instructions be issued to the governor to grant me an interview on my return. With this effort on the part of our minister, Colonel Denby, I left Peking, uncertain as to the final outcome, and rather fearing still further delay and opposition.

But this time of waiting at the capital I used as an opportunity. After the first month I stopped at a Chinese temple, living in two small rooms in the simplest of ways, with nothing foreign about me except a few borrowed books. I did this for the purpose of study, and as an experiment in making the acquaintance of certain persons of official position,

with whom missionaries have for the most part been unable to gain any private or public intercourse. Let me picture a little of my life, as thus lived.

A breakfast of rice and eggs, a lunch at noon of bread and butter, and a dinner at five or six of meat, rice, and bread—such was my healthy diet, except when invited out to partake of a meal supposed to supply a famishing man. Sometimes arising immediately at daylight, I would take a hurried bite of bread, put on my official garments, and go forth in a cart with an attendant to call on some of the great, but generally finding that even my early rising was for them too late, for they had already left for public business. On Tuesday evenings I generally attended an English prayer-meeting of our Presbyterian Mission, and on Wednesday evenings another one at the Methodist Mission, under whose shadow my temple and so myself rested.

In general, enumerating all, my experience consisted of memorising portions of the Chinese classics; reading foreign books, especially relating to China; examining the treaties and certain law cases bearing on international law; preparing with my Chinese teacher documents to be presented to certain Chinese; studying the official ranks and personages of the Chinese Central Government; making now and then an attempt to form an acquaintance with the influential; learning something of the bearings of the Provincial Government on the Central Government, as well as the unsatisfactory relation between the Chinese Government and foreign representatives; informing myself on questions of mission policy by consultation with

different missionaries and 'men of the world'; being stimulated by the addresses and discussions, prayers and sermons, of various meetings, secular and religious; learning from the different legations facts which were previously unknown to myself; and, above all, ascertaining somewhat of a growing sentiment in favour of Christianity on the part of the ruling classes, if only principles of adaptation would be more fully accepted and peace more effectively maintained. Of actual success in opening the doors of the high mandarins, I can report that I succeeded in only three cases, receiving from such return calls. But it should be remembered that, outside of the Marquis Tsêng, even foreign ministers have no social or private relations with Chinese officials.

By my experimenting in a quiet way, I came to the conclusion that the ways to reach the Chinese are not the same, even as the Chinese are not the same, and, furthermore, that some ways remain to be tried that the past may have too greatly ignored. It plainly seemed to me that if Peking is important as a missionary station because the capital of the empire, then something is needed to influence the influential of the capital, who are also the influential of the empire.

Among the intensely conservative people of the capital, and with the prevalent aversion of the ruling classes, and especially of the Manchus, to holding any private or social relation with foreigners, high or low, official or otherwise, it certainly requires the greatest patience and tact to conciliate and effect confidence and friendship. With time, money, and proper appliances, and especially a proper spirit, I believe a

peculiar work could be inaugurated that would reach a particular class most indispensable for the conversion of the nation.

All in all, I am thankful for my four months' visit, with its joy of romance and its lessons of practicality.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

SOME fourteen years ago China made her first great move in her game with the Western world. This was the formation of a steamship company, under the control of the Government and the special supervision of Li Hung Chang. At first merely purchasing a few vessels of an American company, and a little wary as it began its competition with the thrift and preoccupation of the English, it has at last, by persistency, frugality, and sharp circumspection, got a control of a large portion of the coast trade, and, more than all, has favourably impressed the nation at various commercial centres of the advantage of introducing much that is foreign, and of the greater importance of keeping such innovation under Chinese management.

The second great move, at least from a secular point of view, was made in the year 1880, by the inauguration of a telegraph company. In this company none but Chinese are allowed to have shares. It shows still more plainly the policy of even the progressive men. Advancement, to be sure; but the control must be held, as Japan has already learned, by the

nation itself. China, if she lives at all, must have her own digestion. Even Christianity will be poor food unless it is assimilated. In the main, trades, speculations, faiths, and ideas will, like the people, have an impress neither English, American, nor foreign, but, as for long centuries amid all changes, emphatically Chinese. Even the late distinguished mandarin, General Tso, so often regarded as the strongest of the conservatives, found but little fault with improvements, if only foreign domination be excluded. Foreign arts, foreign machinery, he would receive; but, if possible, not the foreigner. In the summer of 1883 he was constrained to use in his business, for the first time, the telegraph that ran from Shanghai to Tientsin. Having received an answer from the north in some thirty-six hours, he was so surprised, and his inertness received such a shock, that he built at his own expense a short line from the city of Nanking, the capital of his viceroyship, to Soochow, to connect with the main line.

In 1883 more strenuous efforts were made to lengthen the line, which up to that time merely connected Shanghai with Tientsin. France had come to fight, and so was stirred the slumbering mandarins to more effective self-protection and greater consolidation. Li Hung Chang, ever on the look-out for favourable opportunities, memorialised the throne, asking that the line might be so extended as to unite the empire with Peking. Receiving imperial sanction, a code of regulations was at once drawn up, and, having committed the project to one sole company,—the one already organised with a capital of £160,000,—every obstruction of any weight was successfully removed.

At once work began in real earnest, certain Danes being engaged to superintend the construction of the

new line, and to instruct the Chinese in telegraphy and the English language. The line was first extended from Shanghai to Hang-chow, the capital of Chê-keang; then to Ningpo, one of the treaty-ports; then south to Wen-chow, another open port; then to Foochow, a port and provincial capital; then to the two ports of Amoy and Swatow; and finally to Canton, the most important port of trade and provincial capital in the south. In the north, Tientsin was soon connected with Peking; and in the last few years a branch line has also been extended to Manchuria and Corea. Another branch line extended to Chi-nan-fu, another provincial capital; and then to Chefoo, an open port. In Central China a branch line was extended from Nanking to the port of Hankow, and lately it has gone still farther west to the province of Sze-ch'uen, to the city of Chung-king, and then south to the province of Kwei-chow. During the war excitement of 1883–84, the line was extended along the southern border from Canton west through the provinces of Kwang-se, Kwei-chow, and Yun-nan, connecting with the line from the north, and thus making a complete circuit. Last year, one more branch has been extended from Tientsin to Pao-ting-fu, another provincial capital. Later on an attempt was made to make a branch line to K'ai-feng-fu, the capital of Ho-nan, and near the Yellow River devastation; but the people of that section brought too strong a pressure against such a foreign device. The next branch now proposed is to Nan-ch'ang-fu, the capital of Keang-se. In a few years not only all the ports, but all the capitals, will be connected with Peking, the head of all.

Notwithstanding all this advance, the people remain intensely ignorant as to the meaning of these poles

and wires. First of all, they are like a Chinaman in Soochow, who said, 'I have been looking all day, and have seen nothing pass on the line.' They imagine that the line is used to actually carry the letter rather than the message. Then, again, they suppose it belongs to foreigners, having seen foreigners engaged in the work so prominently. To answer all the questions of the common people about the telegraph is a school of no mean importance.

Having the steamship and the telegraph, China needs one more innovation—that which India and Japan have both already adopted—the railroad. His excellency Li, during the days of war with Russia, prayed, in a memorial to the throne, not only for the telegraph, but for three grand trunk lines of railway to bind the country together. In the war with France came the telegraph, and now China is waiting for another war to build the railroad. *Omnia mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHRISTIANITY THE GREAT NEED OF CHINA.

ON the contact of foreigners with China, certain distinct views are held concerning the best method for securing the development of the nation. One class of persons advocates, first and last, mere material prosperity, as indicated by commerce, railroads, mining, naval and military equipments and training, and alterations in the management of the government. Another class pleads for education, scientific and secular. A third class, as represented by the Roman Catholic Missions, aims always for the supremacy of the visible Church, whose head is none other than the pope. To these three classes there is need of a fourth, which shall be convinced that the need and opportunity in China to-day is for Christianity,—and this we believe to be pure Protestantism.

Material advancement—civilisation—may come, as it must come, by the mere force of circumstances; and yet the Chinese may be none the more pure, honest or kind, true or magnanimous. Material prosperity is subordinate, and being so, let it never usurp its rightful superior.

Secular education, likewise, will find its way into China, proclaiming Science as its watchword; but with all this, China will still at heart be unregenerated. Education that is of the 'earth earthy' must be subordinate, and not dictate to its stronger and holier master.

The Church!—ay, there is inspiration in the word, and for it many have nobly died. The Roman Catholic missionaries may come with many worldly arts, but never is the Church in the background. But here, too, however grand the object, the chief thing is not yet found. A visible Church may well be our desire, but superior to it, as to all, is the spiritual character of Christianity. The Church may be sullied and imperfect, but not so the Christianity embodied in Christ.

The Chinese, to be regenerated, must be touched by the very Highest at once—must be drawn to the Divine, must seek the Unseen, must find virtue realised in a living Person, must be taught essential Christianity. All else that is good is good, to be sure; but let everything be in its proper place—the subordinate in the subordinate place, and the teachings and life of the All-wise and All-holy superior to all, and ruling all.

Christianity in its essence is remedial, and so fitted for nations as well as individuals. What China needs is a *remedy*—how to get rid of corruption and vice, injustice and impurity. She has tried high ethics, pure political teachings, material power; has respected education and forms of religion, and yet she is not safe, prosperous, or strong. She needs the power of God, and this, we are told, and this we have again and again seen in history, is none other than the Gospel of Christ.

Let China seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto her. They will all come, but come, if to her good, as subordinate. 'Honour to whom honour'—and who more worthy than the God of whom Nature, conscience, revelation, and Christ all testify?

'But,' it is asked, 'do the Chinese relish Christianity?' And in answer to this we mean to make a few explanations. It is imagined by some that religious topics are not appreciated by the Chinese, but that they only favour and praise our Western science, machinery, wealth, and power. But may not this be due to mere misunderstanding on their part, rather than intelligent examination? Of course, if we come with a system of truth such as Christianity, we must take pains to prove its worth, charm, and superiority, and not rely on mere dogmatism or assertion.

In the first place, religious questions can be most easily introduced in conversation with nearly every class of Chinese. With the scholarly class it is only necessary that the missionary know something of the Confucian books. Quoting from Confucius or his disciples, he is at once in favour, and at once he is in the midst of religious and moral topics, capable of indefinite expansion. It is a mistake to think that the Confucianists in China are the most difficult to engage in religious conversation, though they may be most difficult of conversion to Christ. But with God all things are possible.

Coming to the more simple classes, we find that their thoughts are ever recurring to religious matters, and only need the direction of the true Christian guide. There is inquiry in China, as is plainly seen by the vast number of secret sects and religious tracts

and books. Each missionary only needs to study the art of persuasion, and so fit the truths he teaches to the people who hear. The ways are different, as individuality is different; but if the teacher is 'apt to teach,' the truth will soon take effect.

But this fact we reiterate, that religious and so Christian truths can be made as popular as anything else that the foreigner brings to China, unless it should be medicine and the healing art—and opium. It is only necessary to heed the rule, 'Step by step.' We cannot jump at once into a new theme, any more than Paul did when he preached at Athens. In the chain of argument we must always begin at the right link.

We may take broad views of Christianity and of all methods and agencies, but let us not forget that it is always Christianity at the top, and Christ the essence of Christianity. To tell of the glory and power of such a religion may need careful training and thoughtful and patient study, but the result will repay every toil, every prayer, and the deepest pondering that our hearts can give.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MISSION WORK IN CATHAY.

THE progress of missions in China is great, increasing more and more as the years pass by. Forty-five years ago there were only six native Christians. Increase by the same proportion the next forty-five years as during the last, and there will be not 33,000, as we now find, but over 180,000,000 actual communicants. Looking over the whole field, beyond the limits of one's own denomination, and we find stations scattered along the coast, up the Great River, and far and wide in all the interior. Not a province but has some converts to the Protestant faith. One society may be weak this year, but another has never been stronger. Hope ever comes from the whole, not from the part. Thirty-eight societies are represented in China, with upwards of 490 male missionaries, over 200 unmarried female missionaries, and nearly 200 native ordained ministers.

Great as is the progress, great—awfully, solemnly great—is the need. We can say that the Chinese Empire has opened her doors; but what is meant by the Chinese Empire? A writer says that China has

300,000,000 population, and then adds that China has eighteen provinces. His first use of the word 'China' is synonymous with the Chinese Empire, and his second use with China Proper. These vast regions outside the eighteen provinces are overlooked in the general calculation.

Manchuria, with a population of upwards of 12,000,000, has one treaty-port and three mission stations, those belonging to the Scotch United Presbyterian and the Irish Presbyterian Missions. Mongolia, extending over a vast extent of desert, and with an estimated population of 2,000,000, has had only one missionary, the indefatigable worker of the London Mission, the late Rev. James Gilmour. Tibet, with upwards of 7,000,000, and Ili with 2,000,000 population, are both tightly locked in from all foreign or missionary impressions, except as meeting Russia to the north and Great Britain to the south. The island of Formosa has been advanced to the position of a province, has three treaty-ports, and a very successful mission work carried on by the Canadian Presbyterians and the English Presbyterians. The island of Hainan, still a department of the province of Kwang-tung, has now one treaty-port, and one mission station of the American Presbyterians. Such ends the borderland of the Chinese Empire.

As to the condition of China Proper, what do we find? Of the eighteen provinces only two have no permanent mission stations, Hu-nan and Kwang-se. The former has a population of some 20,000,000, and is visited by members of the China Inland and London Missions, but is as yet too hostile for permanent settlement. Kwang-se, with a population of say 7,000,000, had for a short time a station belonging to the

American Presbyterian Mission, but owing to a serious riot, great difficulty has been found to again secure protection and residence. The provinces of Kwei-chow, Yun-nan, Keang-se, Gan-hwuy, Kan-su, Shen-si, and Ho-nan are occupied by missionaries of the China Inland Mission alone, though the Canadian Presbyterians are intending soon to open a station in the hostile province of Ho-nan. Missionaries may now travel in all parts of China and preach the Word, though residence in particular places, and especially in the provincial capitals, is generally subject to great opposition. It is, however, a matter of congratulation that of all the capitals only five are at this time unoccupied by missionaries, those of Kwang-se, Keang-se, Hu-nan, Ho-nan, and Shen-si. To a portion of this success we are all indebted to the China Inland Mission alone.

In such an enumeration as we here attempt to give, we should not overlook the labours of the Roman Catholic missionaries, who have prepared the way for Protestants in most of the interior. In fact, we fear if the Roman Catholic priests had not first gone into the interior, on the basis of the French Treaty of 1860, which especially referred to the French priests, all Protestant missionaries would have been able to do but little except by way of travel. Now, following the precedent of the Roman Catholics, Protestant missionaries may reside in the interior, and may purchase property for Church purposes. The very heroism and persistency of the Roman Catholic Missions in China should check much of our inherent sectarian prejudices, and induce us to applaud the good wherever found.

Great favours have already been bestowed on the

cause of Christianity by the toleration and protection of the Imperial Government. That much of this is directly due to the mediation of foreign powers is not to be denied; and yet the Central Government, while resenting much of the past treatment of the stronger nations, is in no way inclined to reverse its attitude towards either foreign missionaries or Christianity. Coming down to the lower officials, who have control of the many districts and departments of the eighteen provinces, there is oftentimes a glaring disregard of imperial orders in regard to Christianity; and this spirit is largely intensified by the antagonism of local residents. As Christian converts increase in number, we may expect frequent persecution in certain sections, and a growing jealousy from the unbelieving. The need in China is truly great, but we must count the cost before accepting the call.

The way for preaching the simple Gospel, for the practice of medicine, for the cure of opium-smoking, is open in many places, and it is for the Church to seize the opportunity when it comes, and in the way it comes. We may not realise all that our preconceptions would fain mark out, but the best plan is to commit all our ways unto the Lord, and He will direct our paths. Possessing our souls in patience, and running with patience, we cannot, as servants of the Kingdom, fear defeat.

THE END.

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